# A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!


# The Modern Man

July 23rd & Sept. 3

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 113. [ PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY. ] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1910. ONE PENNY.



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# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 113. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1910. ONE PENNY.


## ARMY PRECEDENCE.

### THE REGIMENTS THAT LEAD THE WAY.

Regiments are naturally jealous of their precedence. The post of honour belongs to the regiments of Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, followed by the Royal Horse Artillery.

On parade, however, and when with their guns the Royal Horse Artillery take the right and march at the head of the Household Cavalry.

Next come the Regiments of Cavalry of the Line, with the Royal Regiment of Artillery backing them up. When the "Blue Marines" (Royal Marine Artillery) are also present they take the left of the land gunners."

The R.A. are followed by the "Sappers" (Royal Engineers), and after them come the Infantry.

These latter take precedence among themselves according to the table laid down in the monthly Army List, "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard" (1st Royal Scots, Lothian Regiment) leading the way as the oldest corps in the Service.

When in brigade, Rifle battalions are placed on a flank—usually the left—of the line of Infantry.

Next comes the Royal Garrison Regiment, after them the local companies of Royal Artillery abroad, followed by that dusky Cinderella of the Service, the West India Regiment, whose active service record, by the way, would compare favourably with that of "crack" corps.

The various "working corps" now have their turn, headed by the Army Service Corps. Immediately behind them may be seen the dark uniform of the "Linseed Lancers" (Royal Army Medical Corps), and then come the "horse-doctors"—the Army Veterinary Corps.

Our overseas soldiers come next, and are represented by the Royal Malta Artillery, and the West African Regiment.

The Departmental Corps follow, and then comes a very ancient and famous "civilian" regiment—the Honourable Artillery Company.

After the H.A.C. the Militia, or what's left of them, then the Imperial Yeomanry, and finally the Territorials, who take precedence among themselves according to the precedence of their Regular units, Territorial Artillery and Engineers, for example, having preference over Territorial Infantry.

H. GRAY-REID.

## CHEEK.

In a short time London playgoers will see a new production called "The Suffrage Girl." She will appear, aptly enough, at the Court.

* * *

Says Miss Mabel Barnes-Grundy: "Married life consists mostly of breakers." A friend of ours says that it has certainly made him broke.

* * *

A contemporary recently announced "The Divorce Commission will sit up till Christmas." "Poor things!" sympathised dear old Mrs. Footler, "how glad they will be to sit down!"

* * *

The married men of the mining districts contemn the fact that a play called "Baby Mine" is soon to be seen in London. It will be, they say, the most undesirable mine on record.

* * *

"In these days," says Mr. Arnold White, "he who leads must please." But the man who leads well at boxing *never* manages to please his adversary.

* * *

The most valuable show greyhound in the world is called Roasting Hot. His owner evidently has money to burn.

* * *

"Can Journalism be Taught?" asks "M.A.P." Without wishing to boast about our profession, we are bound to say that there is not much it doesn't know.

* * *

A contemporary publishes what it calls a "Football Pillory." We understand its object is to purge the winter game.

* * *

Under the heading "To-day's Dinner Table Topics," the "Daily Mirror" suggests a discussion on whether capital punishment is "quite too dreadfully dreadful." We venture to hint to our sprightly contemporary that it bids fair to become quite too idiotically idiotic.

* * *

Mr. Birrell says he had to lie in bed lately. One crusty Tory observed that he couldn't help doing that—in bed or out of it.

* * *

The authorities are objecting to men who "loaf" about theatre queues. Of course, such men are obviously badly bred.

* * *

The Tory ship, we are told, is sinking. As the result of a Welsh leek?

J. S. COX.

## COUNTRY CLOTHES.

### WHERE UNSUITABLE ATTIRE IS NOTICED

One often hears it said that clothes in the country "do not matter."

I do not wish to suggest that in the country people can go about in a state of nature. This would be cold and uncomfortable for them, and not specially amusing to their neighbours.

Besides, there are, even in the remote country, a few policemen who are not always being called to London to quell suffragette riots.

What people do mean when they say that clothes "do not matter" in the country is that it is not of much consequence what sort of clothes one wears in the country.

Here I at once differ with such a sweeping pronouncement. Clothes do matter in the country.

If you are one of six million people in the town you can, within limits, wear pretty much what you like.

If you should happen to wear brown boots for once in a way with a tail coat, you will probably arrive home in the evening with no bones broken, and fairly certain that not more than half a dozen people have taken any notice of the incongruity.

In the country it is different. A man may wear downright country clothes in town and not call forth one remark as he passes along the street.

He may have Norfolk jacket, cap, thick brown boots, knee breeches, and a soft collar, and pass unnoticed.

But let a townsman appear in the country with his thin boots, his smartly-cut clothes, his town hat, and ornamental rather than useful stick, and every man, woman, and child he meets will turn and stare.

The incongruity is much more marked in the country than in the town. Into the question of what to wear in either set of circumstances it is not my intention to enter.

But you will be making a great error if you go to the country thinking you can wear out your old town clothes there. Few things look so out of place in the lanes as town clothes.

Country people as a rule, of every class, and whether they are working, sporting, or just living there, dress with a keen eye to appropriateness, and they are keen to spot the stranger who comes among them in ill-chosen clothes.

G. PIKE.

# THE STROKE OF TWELVE

*The year is going; let him go!*
*Ring out the false, ring in the true.*
—TENNYSON.

The two rooms reeked, fumed, and, if you will have the hard truth, stank of smoke. The "boys" had been smoking for some hours. They had determined to spend the last night of the Old Year in conviviality.

Twelve of them, friends in sport, friends in business, friends in pleasure, had gathered at the diggings of one of them, and all was going merrily.

There was infinite jest; now and then one of them would get up on a chair and sing a hunting song or a drinking song, while another vamped out a suitable and not too loud accompaniment.

Then they would turn to chat about sport, the doings of the past year, the programme for the coming one.

**GOOD FELLOWSHIP.**

Free and easy was the order of the day, or rather of the night, for it was now half-past eleven.

In the intervals of the chatter corks would fly and drinks would fizz invitingly, and all the while the smoke grew thicker and thicker.

One of the number insisted on going to the front door to wish the passing Bobby a Happy New Year and to present him with a cigar. The rest leaned from the windows and shouted "run him in" and other jests, which the man in blue took well enough.

Indeed, they were very merry, their host the merriest of all in having his friends around him.

Suddenly he looked up. It was less than five minutes from the stroke of midnight.

"Fill your glasses again—once again, you chaps," he said. "We must drink to the New Year."

And glasses were filled again.

Then they stood round, each with glass in hand, raised and ready, listening.

Chimes of the great clock rang out the quarters. Then the great bell spoke—one—two—three—four—five—six——.

**A WISH, AND AN AFTERTHOUGHT.**

Half-way through the strokes the host spoke.

"To the New Year!" he said. And they drank.

"To all our pals," he added. And they drank again.

Then, joining hands, they sang lustily "Auld Lang Syne." And in the first few, fresh minutes of the New Year's first crisp morning each went his way.

* * * * * * *

A little cottage, deep in the country; a man, young and bronzed; a woman, opposite him, wrapped warmly in a long, soft robe; a blazing fire that gives out a delicious scent of wood; a shaded lamp.

The two sit talking with that quiet confidence that betokens complete understanding, complete happiness. They, too, are awaiting the stroke of twelve.

The man throws another log upon the glowing fire.

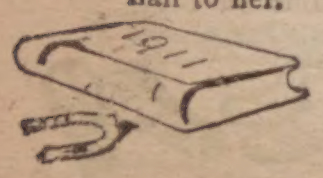
**PARTNERS.**

Then he turns tenderly towards his companion and draws about her a warm, long, enveloping cloak. It is nearly twelve. The night is stillness itself, the house is silent.

Thoughtfully he leads her to the door, and together they stand upon the path, now with only the stars over them, waiting for the New Year.

Her arm runs softly through his, and he feels her head drawing near to his shoulder. He kisses her.

From far across many fields they hear the strokes upon the old church bell. "I wonder what it will bring us?" he muses, half to himself, half to her.




And as they turn towards the house again she tells him of a secret that should fill their year with greater happiness.

M. BRUCE.

## CLUB NEWS.

### THE LATEST FACTS REGARDING A NATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Three further MODERN MAN clubs are in process of formation.

The first is in Barrow-in-Furness. Mr. F. E. Winstanley, 13, Clifford Street, Barrow-in-Furness, is organising it, and I ask all readers in that part of the country to communicate with him and to assist him in every way.

The second is for South London, and particularly for the East Dulwich district. The organising secretary is Mr. M. McIntosh, 28, Derwent Grove, East Dulwich, S.E. I trust that all readers in his district will support him loyally.

The third is being arranged by Mr. A. J. White, 36, Beaumont Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol. I ask all Bristol readers to support Mr. White, and to give him every assistance.

**A LETTER OF SPECIAL INTEREST.**

The following letter, which I have just received from Mr. Halliday, Hon. Sec. of the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club, will be of interest to many readers:

"M.M. Club Rooms,
India Buildings,
Victoria Street,
Edinburgh.

"DEAR SIR,—

"You will perhaps remember that some four or five weeks ago I wrote you, asking for an advance list of League members in Edinburgh, as I desired to start a MODERN MAN Club in this town. You will see by the above address, and by the telegram which I sent you on Saturday, that my efforts have met with success.

"I called a meeting of League members on Saturday, November 12, to discuss matters, and wrote beforehand to Mr. Geo. Lord, of the Brighton and Hove M.M. Club. He very kindly sent me a copy of his rules, and gave me numerous little hints, which I must say have come in very handy indeed. I should really like to meet Mr. Lord personally, as, judging by his letter, he seems to be a thoroughly good sportsman.

"It was decided at our first meeting to appoint an Interim Committee, to look out for rooms, draw up rules, settle the amount of subscriptions, and to report to the next meeting, to be held on Saturday, November 26.

"At that meeting our rules, of which I enclose a copy, were passed unanimously, and full power given to the Interim Committee to go on with engaging and furnishing any rooms considered suitable. It was also agreed to develop the social side of the club, and to leave the athletic side until after the New Year.

"Our club rooms were opened on Saturday night for the first time, and the members have all expressed themselves thoroughly delighted with them.

"We are, of course, not going great guns at present, the chief reason being that our three general meetings were all held on Saturdays, and, as a good many of the League members are shopkeepers, they found it impossible to get off from business on those evenings.

"However, the club rooms will now be open every night, and we expect a good many new members before this year is ended.

"We have at present twenty-two members, and I have promises from about another twenty to join us shortly.

"The League members in Edinburgh are not *all* jolly good sportsmen, I am sorry to say, as a good many of them did not bother answering my postcards at all. In spite of that, everything has come off very well, and when I looked round the room on Saturday evening I felt just a little bit cocky at bringing so many jolly fine chaps together, most of them not having known any other League members before the first meeting. I think I may be forgiven for that feeling under the circumstances. We had twenty-eight at our club meeting last Saturday, and the extra six, who are not yet club members, are going to join within the week.

"I took a leaf out of Mr. Lord's book by arranging rambles every Sunday, alternately at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. They have all, so far, been very successful.

"I should be very much obliged if you could put a little notice in the paper giving our address, as by that means we could hope to get a few more readers to join us. We will extend a hearty welcome to any sportsman who cares to run up for a chat, a hand at cards, or to spend a congenial evening.

"We have, *of course*, elected you Honorary President of the Edinburgh Club, and sincerely trust that you will accept the position, as it is really through you that we have all met together.

"You are at perfect liberty to use this letter, or any part of it, in any way you like, and if you care to refer any chaps who are starting M.M. Clubs in other towns to me, I will follow Mr. Lord's example, and give them all assistance in my power.

"I think I have occupied your time long enough now. All that remains is to thank you sincerely for the list of League members, and for the publicity you gave the club in your issue of a fortnight ago. Without those I should never have met the jolliest, manliest set of chaps it has ever been my good fortune to come across.

"Wishing you every success,
"Yours faithfully,
"W. A. HALLIDAY,
"Hon. Sec., E.M.M.S. & A.C."

I need scarcely add that I have, of course, written to Mr. Halliday, thanking him and the Edinburgh Club for the honour they have conferred on me in electing me their President.

The difficulties he has encountered have been met with by other club secretaries; to their credit, be it said, they have surmounted them.

I admire Mr. Halliday's kindly offer to help other club organisers; they should certainly avail themselves of his generosity.

THE EDITOR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# THE MISOGYNIST

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Dinner at the boarding-house was half-way through when The Misogynist entered the room.

He proceeded to his usual place, sat down, spoke to nobody, and fastened his lustreless eyes on a certain spot in the table-cloth until served by the maid with soup.

Miss Vinicker opposite passed the salt. Harry Bletsoe, on his right, unobtrusively slid the pepper-box within his reach, and addressed a conversational remark to Mrs. Custance farther up the table.

Everybody all at once seemed to have something to say to each other.

It was as though a silent resolution had been passed that the presence of The Misogynist should not be allowed to affect the general good spirits of the assembly.

He meanwhile sat and ate, wrapt in the reserve which to all that came in contact with it carried a suggestion of deadliness.

He was a big man, probably nearer forty than thirty, loose-shouldered, brickish-skinned, handsome in a rugged sort of way, but unapproachable.

He had come to the boarding-house a couple of months before—a visitor from Australia, it was understood—with the intention of staying in London a year.

That was all that was known of him, except that he was steadily drinking himself to death.

He was always strongly redolent of the odour of intoxicants, though he had never been seen to be drunk. But he drank heavily, determinedly, remorselessly. He drank all day long. He went out but little, spending a good deal of his time in his bedroom, where the servants (so Mrs. Rees, the proprietress, in hushed accents confided) found empty whisky bottles in profusion.

Miss Vinicker had labelled him The Misogynist. She did not give any definite reason why, except that she was sure he hated all women—he looked at one in such a slow, cruel way.

And the men, though they made abortive attempts, could not advance a single step towards intimacy with him.

True, the majority of them were foreigners, but there was Harry Bletsoe, a young, volatile, rather hero-worshipping Englishman, who had felt from the first that he would like to become better acquainted with him. He liked his strong, rugged masculinity and sympathised with his evident contempt for the faded genteel people who gave to the boarding-house its atmosphere. One evening he suggested to him:

"Er—I say, old chap, doing anything to-night? I thought of going to the Empire. Don't know whether you've ever been there. If you haven't, you might like it. Rather spicy girls to be picked up—if you care for such frivolity."

The Australian turned on him so quickly that he braced himself up for a blow. His usually lustreless eyes were lit up; his brickish skin flushed redder still, and he said savagely:

"I don't care for it!"

They stared like enemies for a moment, then Bletsoe turned away, murmuring, "Sorry."

"The ill-tempered, unsociable brute!" he muttered, later. "The drink's got him by the throat; that's what's the matter with him. I'll keep out of his way in future."

But fate willed that he should do otherwise.

On the present evening, although The Misogynist had been the last to arrive at the table, he was the first to leave it. He got up unceremoniously, lurched out with his heavy, thrusting gait, and went immediately upstairs.

Bletsoe, too, happened to go upstairs a little time afterwards to change from slippers into boots.

He wore list-slippers, and thus reached the landing quite unconsciously without making a sound. Stepping along to his room, he passed a bedroom door which was half open, and, glancing in, saw The Misogynist.

He had his back to the door, and was bending over the bed.

Bletsoe, arrested by something peculiarly furtive about the man, paused in his stride to watch. The next moment he remembered the room was not The Misogynist's at all, but that of Mrs. Custance, and his mind became a battlefield of suspicions.

Was the man's object theft? Had he, perhaps, a baser and more vulgar motive?

Surely not. Mrs. Custance was a harmless, plain, prosaic lady from the provinces, spending a short holiday in London with her daughter, a child of seven. In fact, Bletsoe believed the little girl slept in this very room with her mother.

Then——?

Even as a more horrible thought attacked his brain The Misogynist turned and saw him. His face in the dim gas-light looked dreadful.

He hesitated but a fractional instant, then pushed past roughly, breathing the one word "*Spy!*"

Up to the next floor, where his bedroom was, he went, and Bletsoe, after a full minute's hard thinking, followed.

He entered without ceremony, white-lipped but determined. The Misogynist was pouring whisky into a tumbler with a shaky hand, but he glanced over his shoulder and laid down the bottle.

Half-averted he stood, the shoulders hunched, the great head lowered, still and massive, like a waiting bull.

"Look here——" began Bletsoe.

But he added no more.

The Misogynist spoke in a hoarse, unrecognisable voice.

"I know what you're going to say. It's justified on the face of things. I had no right in there.

"But this is my explanation. I knew a child once who would have been about that child's age if she had lived. I wanted to see what she looked like asleep."

A pause. Bletsoe stared, astonished.

"If you don't believe me, go and tell Mrs. Custance and have me kicked out of the house. If you do—keep your mouth shut. But in either case, for God's sake get out of here and leave me alone."

The last words were hardly articulate.

Bletsoe hesitated; then, actuated by an impulse to decide by the man's countenance whether he was speaking the truth, he stepped in front of him and looked. He saw great tears rolling down the rugged cheeks—great tears.

"Good—heavens!" he whispered slowly.

And, treading softly, he went away.

* * * * * * *

After that a sort of friendship grew slowly between them. They went out together occasionally. They exchanged fragmentary confidences.

The Misogynist was always more willingly a listener, but now and again he spoke a little of himself. It appeared that he had lost both wife and child six years or so ago—the wife first, the child after.

Bletsoe gathered the impression that the loss of the wife had been a terrible blow, only made bearable by the existence of the child.

Then the child had died.

He went mad for a time—or nearly.

Then he sold up everything and went abroad, into the Australian bush.

After five years of it he had had an insupportable hankering to see the Old Country again, and so——"

"The solitude and loneliness drove me back," he said. "But now I'm here I wish I'd never come. I'm fiercely restless. I can't settle anywhere."

"Is that what's making you drink?" asked Bletsoe.

The Misogynist laughed.

"That and other reasons," he said.

"Ah!" A silence. "You're doing for yourself, you know."

"I know"—indifferently.

"Well," said Bletsoe lightly, "of course if you know——"

The subject was changed.

* * * * * * *

They were walking homewards along Shaftesbury Avenue late one night when The Misogynist suddenly slowed down and followed with his eyes a woman of unmistakable profession who had just passed them.

She was elaborately dressed, and carried herself with self-conscious knowledge of her charms. Bletsoe gazed after her likewise, and smiled to himself at his friend's first symptom of interest in her type.

"Was she pretty?" he asked.

"Pretty? I didn't notice."

"I like 'em pretty myself. Some—but I was forgetting. You're dead set against women, good and bad alike. She's stopping, I see. We'd better shift, or she'll be accosting us."

His companion did not stir.

"You don't mean to say—" began Bletsoe, with a curious glance at him.

"Say what?" The eyes of The Misogynist were still fixed on the lingering woman.

"That you fancy her?"

"*Fancy* her?"

"Well, that you'd like to talk to her. If you would I'll fetch her up."

"No, I don't fancy her, nor do I want to talk to her." His tone was perfectly quiet.

He wheeled just as the woman started to return.

"Come!" said Bletsoe, laughing, "you needn't be pharisaical."

But The Misogynist, with lurching, thrusting gait, had left him.

"Your pal was in a bit of a hurry, wasn't he?" said the woman, drawing level.

Bletsoe, whose face still expressed wonder-

ment, agreed, and with habitual good temper entered upon a casual conversation.

He ended with a friendly negative, and setting off after his friend caught him up in the Tottenham Court Road.

"Couldn't shake her off for a minute," he explained. "I say, old man, what a funny devil you are! Upon my word, I can't make you out! You flee from those women like the plague. They're harmless enough. There's no compulsion. Besides, looking at it from the sensible point of view, they have always been part of the social order and are always likely to be."

"I wish you'd be quiet," said The Misogynist in a low tone.

"Well, hang it!"—Bletsoe was exasperated—"what was there about that particular woman to which you so violently objected?"

Ever afterwards he believed an evil thing had spoken the words for him.

"She is my wife," said The Misogynist.

Bletsoe looked at him in a startled fashion.

He walked on, saying nothing.

"She left me for another man. That was how I lost her. That was why the little one died. She was frail—and needed a mother's care.

"Do you ask me now why ——?"

## THROWING IT UP.

No man should throw up a job until he has considered all sides of the question that prompts him to try his luck or skill elsewhere.

Even when he has commenced anew he sometimes wishes he were back in the field of his earlier labours.

When a man finds that he is totally unsuited for his profession or trade, then he is ill-advised if he attempts to stick to it. A man who has been thrust into his father's business, or has been placed in a business at the paternal direction, frequently finds himself unfitted for his work; but it is seldom that a man chooses for himself a profession in which he can do no good.

# TAKING UP TAXI-DRIVING.

## ITS PROSPECTS AND ITS PROS AND CONS.

It is an undeniable fact nowadays that almost every walk of life is dreadfully overcrowded, and the ever-increasing number of men who are in search of some way of earning "bigger money" all go to swell the ranks of one or two professions whose leading lights are able to make big incomes.

But most men who have worked in any clerical capacity shun for some reason an occupation which involves dirt or manual labour, and it is doubtless for this reason that taxi-driving has not more devotees.

We are told that taxi-drivers earn, on an average, between £3 and £4 per week, a sum which should have attractions for more than one City clerk. What, then, are the necessary steps to take in order to learn to drive?

First of all the cost. There are a good many motor-driving schools in and around London, and here a man may be turned into a proficient driver in a month or two for a fee ranging, according to the school, from £5 5s. to £8 8s.

But is a school always indispensable? Motor-cars are so numerous nowadays that most men know someone who possesses or drives a car of some kind. Why not, then, make friends with such a man, and get him to take you round when he drives, and explain by degrees how he does it? A few weeks spent in this way should be invaluable.

On application to a motor-cab company for work, a man is put through some trials in the company's yard, and if he is successful his next step is to undergo similar tests and an examination in London topography at Scotland Yard in order to obtain a licence. Then he is a full-fledged driver.

H. F. SMITH.

# HOW DIVORCES ARE ARRANGED.

## AN EXPOSURE OF A GROWING MODERN SCANDAL.

Many are the signs and portents that the moral fibre of a certain large section of society is becoming looser every day; and not the least of these signs and portents is the ever-increasing yearly total of divorces.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" was at one time a proverb whose significance was widely regarded, but nowadays very many people rush into matrimonial contracts after only the most meagre cogitation. Why is this? Simply because they know how easy it is to cancel that contract by mutual agreement.

Money, of course, is the chief desideratum, for if the parties are possessed of that, the rest is generally easy. But extreme caution has to be observed, for the King's Proctor, though his vigilance would not exactly rival Sherlock Holmes's, must still be held in some sort of respect.

### TIRED OF ONE ANOTHER.

Suppose a husband is tired of his wife, or the wife is tired of him, or again that each is tired of the other. By secret mutual agreement, one furnishes the other with the necessary legal grounds, an action is brought, and the knot untied as expeditiously as possible.

In a recent case a woman made a particularly impudent suggestion to her husband, who, in this instance, was not guilty of collusion. She confessed that she loved another man, and requested him to commit misconduct with another woman (whom she named), saying that the stigma on him, as a man, would not be so great as would be entailed by a similar action on her part with the man of her choice. What is more, the husband would have to pay her costs.

Luckily for him, he was wise enough to refuse; and later, he managed to get sufficient evidence for a successful action against her on his own account.

### A FLAGRANT CASE.

Nowadays in a report of a divorce action it is a common thing to see one of the parties even commit to writing a request that the other should give him or her grounds for a divorce action; but perhaps the most flagrant case on record, in which, however, the King's Proctor was not 'cute enough to take action, is within the writer's knowledge.

It was a case where the husband—an arrant blackguard—sought and obtained a divorce against his wife, by agreement with her.

The woman, who, by the way, was comparatively clean living, left her husband by reason of his cruelty, and after a time naturally felt irked by the bonds of a technical union with such a man. He realised this, and made her a suggestion which—to say the least of it—was extraordinary.

It was that he should bring an action *against her* for divorce, naming a co-respondent (whom she had never seen, but who was successfully "squared"), and that she should pay the petitioner (her husband) £700 (£350 down and £350 on the decree being rendered absolute).

### CUSTODY OF THE CHILDREN.

In consideration of this, the noble husband magnanimously waived any claim on the custody of the children, for whose sake it was mainly that the mother agreed to the proposal.

The usual procedure in the case of an arranged divorce, an experienced lawyer told the writer, is that in a case where there are children to whom the mother is attached, an agreement is made that the husband (if successful in his petition) will waive his right to them in return for his wife's waiving her claim for costs.

It is safe to say, our informant went on, that two-thirds of present-day divorces are arranged in some way.

Provided the parties concerned are discreet, the King's Proctor is hardly ever in a position to discover any flaws in their case.

T. H. DEAN.

# SPOILERS OF THE WORLD.

## PEOPLE WHOSE ABOLITION WOULD MAKE IT BRIGHTER.

Those fiends in human form who call themselves Press Agents and fill the columns of the daily papers with inept falsehoods about popular actors and actresses.

* * *

Jocular police-court magistrates, who make feeble jests out of the sufferings or the deplorable failings of the working-classes.

* * *

Authors of highly entertaining stories, which, however, inevitably lead up to an advertisement of some patent product.

* * *

Child actors, who nauseate us with their inept attempts to appear natural in pathetic scenes.

* * *

Football reporters who use such phrases as "notched a point," "deflected the pill," "goalie," "homesters' citadel," and so forth.

* * *

Brainless youths who, instead of working, prefer to sit about in billiard-rooms, borrowing half-crowns to put on "certs".

* * *

Mistaken individuals who labour under the idea that inexcusable rudeness is really virile frankness.

* * *

Telephone girls who listen to your conversation over the wire, and "cut you off" if they don't find it interesting enough.

* * *

Partisan newspaper editors who deliberately suppress the truth or add colour to lying statements in order to impress the minds of readers who have no time to study political questions.

* * *

Musical comedy actresses of tender years who give free expression to their views on learned questions which they know nothing about.

* * *

People who sell fountain pens that won't write.

* * *

Policemen who hold up the traffic just as you are desperately spurting along in a taxi to catch your last train.

* * *

Tailors who promise to send your new suit home by a certain time, and then keep you waiting three or four days longer.

* * *

Employers who, on your timid request for a rise of salary, mercilessly present you with the "sack."

* * *

People who, when you have a cold, force you to take something that makes you worse.

* * *

Theatre attendants who take your ticket and stand evidently waiting for a tip they don't deserve.

CHARLES BITNER.

# Some Winter Memories

SOME EARLY EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF "CHINSTRAP," OUR MILITARY EXPERT.

My first year in the Army was spent at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and thus I came in for the six months' Canadian winter.

I would give a good deal to have the chance of going through anotheragain. I dare say in some parts of Canada the winter is cruel, but I can only say that I have often felt much colder in England than I ever did at Halifax, even when the thermometer was away down below zero.

For one thing there it is a dry cold, as exhilarating as dry champagne, and for another you are prepared for it. All the houses have double windows and elaborate heating arrangements, while you dress the part.

**A SMART KIT.**

Our winter uniform consisted of a long, heavy overcoat, cut rather like a Newmarket coat, and with deep grey astrachan collar and cuffs, a grey astrachan cap, fur gloves, and brown top-boots worn over thick cloth pantaloons. I can tell you, I fancied myself more than a bit when I "first put this uniform on."

The men had black fur caps, fur gloves, and extra thick underclothes served out to them.

The winter before I arrived, the General had forbidden either officers or men to shave, on account of the cold, but the results among the officers had been appalling. Our "beauty man" came out with a straggling fiery red beard, while though the Colonel succeeded in growing whiskers, they sprouted unfortunately on one side of his face only!

However, in response to a round robin signed by all the prettiest girls in Halifax, the General had rescinded the order, at least so far as it concerned officers.

The men continued to grow beards, and awful ruffians some of them looked, too.

**FUN ON PARADE.**

At Halifax you get more ice than snow, and sudden thaws are frequent, with the result that the ground is often a sheet of ice. Indeed, we frequently skated on the barrack square. Drill was almost impossible, and I remember seeing a whole company go down like a row of ninepins in attempting to "double."

Still the men had to have exercise, and so, whatever the weather, we did a weekly route march of from twelve to fifteen miles.

On these occasions we wore "creepers," that is, a pair of iron spikes strapped on to the sole of the boot. Even with this precaution, however, the battalion used to slip and slither all over the shop, and often one half of the regiment would be in a ditch, with the other half trying to pull them out.

There was a certain joy in seeing the C.O. or a senior major suddenly sit down on his back, and lie there kicking and swearing like billyoh. Somebody would go to help him up, and slip and sit on his chest, and there would be much unseemly mirth. Had it been possible, the C.O. would certainly have court-martialled Jack Frost for "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

**SKATING UNDER COVER AND IN THE OPEN.**

Outside barracks there was no end of fun. A jolly covered-in rink with ice fresh frozen twice a day, where a band played, and you waltzed and ate muffins, and made love to them—the Halifax maidens are known as "muffins." Then there was a great stretch of lakes, where you could skate straight ahead for miles and miles, which reminds me of a little adventure.

On one of these lakes, owing to a spring, there was a narrow strip of more or less open water, which necessitated a detour.

Returning across this lake one day, one of the party, a very lively little "muffin," said she wasn't

going to bother to walk round; she was going to "fly" the dangerous strip.

She was my affinity for the time being, and I tried to dissuade her, but she was as wilful as you make 'em; she said I was afraid, and set off—well, pretty quick. She could skate twice as fast as I, and I plodded on after her, feeling pretty mad, also badly scared. Of course, I was bound to take her "dare," but while I thought she would get over, I was morally certain I shouldn't.

**A GALLANT RESCUE.**

She went at the chasm like a hunter, rose like a bird, and went through the ice on the other side like a stone. I didn't feel half pleased. Here was my best girl in imminent danger of drowning, for it was a deep lake, and I knew about as much of saving life as I did of Sanscrit.

Some instinct, however, told me to sit down and slither along the ice on my stomach till I was as near the edge as I dared. But even then she was well out of reach, though she kept in the middle of the gap, treading water so as to avoid being carried under the ice.

There were some people on the bank, and they shouted to me to take off my coat and throw it to her. This I did, and the gap was bridged.

Meanwhile old Potter skated up, lay down behind me and grasped my feet, while somebody else laid hold of his heels, and thus we pulled a very damp and repentant young lady into safety.

Well, that was all right, but the papers got hold of it, and the local wit announced that there was "no truth in the rumour that the Royal Humane Society's medal is to be awarded to the gentleman who laid hold of Lieutenant Potter's feet."

The sting of this lay in the fact that Potter had very, very big feet. His temper, however, was as short as his feet were long, and, not appreciating this allusion to his "tootsies," he went down to the office with the avowed intention of half killing the editor.

**POOR OLD POTTER!**

The editor, however, was a muscular man, and after a gory scrimmage Potter found himself outside and head downwards in a snowdrift. He spent the rest of the winter trying to have the editor arrested for "insulting an officer and a gentleman."

Ah, me, those were good days! Days of harmless flirting, of fierce hockey matches on the ice, of moonlight tobogganing, or sleigh drive with your adored one—I upset my charmer five times the first time I took her out, but she didn't mind a little bit—of oyster suppers—oysters were as cheap as they were good—of fancy-dress ice carnivals, days of youth, and laughter, and honest fun!

They seem a deuce of a long way behind me, and the thought of them makes my mouth water!

"CHINSTRAP."

## MUSIC-HALL TURNS WE DON'T LIKE.

The pathetic love-song, sung (out of tune) by a fat and forty dame in tights, to represent a man, and a bony flapper of fifteen with bow-legs, as his "true love."

* * *

The trained animal turn. Despite the indisputable cleverness of the four-legged performers, one is convinced that such results could not have been achieved without cruelty.

* * *

The comedian who has unblushingly copied the methods and "business" of brighter stars. We don't want to mention names, but there are several gentry on the halls who slavishly copy Wilkie Bard, Harry Tate, Sam Mayo, and others respectively. Probably you have seen most of them.

* * *

The Parisian "actress" who is very modest here, but who appears in revues at the Folies Bergères clad only in three feathers and a postage stamp.

* * *

The "great shooting act," where the performer aims from the back of the upper circle at objects on the stage. That there is a considerable element of danger (to the spectators) is proved by the fatality at the old "Mogul" some time ago.

* * *

Mr. So-and-So "at the piano," who, in the intervals of singing, leers at the audience and dispenses suggestive patter.

B. F. CHILTERN.

## WAYS OF SPENDING MONEY.

### WISE.

Using your money to make your surroundings more comfortable.

* * *

Spending a bit more on the midday meal.

* * *

Sparing a bit for somebody who is old and past work.

* * *

Buying books that will help you in your business.

* * *

Getting those physical culture appliances which you have long been desirous of possessing.

* * *

Taking a change, in the way of a country holiday, despite the weather.

* * *

Getting married.

### OTHERWISE.

Contributing to advertised charities in connection with which the "organising" expenses and the costs of "administration" eat up the bulk of the contributions.

* * *

Playing the part of "good old sport" to men who wouldn't care a fly-on-the-wheel if you went under.

* * *

On women of a certain class.

* * *

Buying clothes and other things that you can't live up to.

* * *

Taking a house with a rental that eats up half your screw.

* * *

Backing horses.

* * *

Cashing I.O.U.'s for people who will forget all about the transaction.

J. HUGHES.

# ALL ABOUT GOALKEEPING

## THE CUSTODIAN'S ART SHOWN IN A NUTSHELL.

By ARTHUR COLLINS
(Captain of the Fulham F.C.).

There is only one man in a football team who ever leaves the field at the end of the game in a chilled condition of body. That man is the goalkeeper, who has, obviously, less work to do with the ball in proportion with the superiority of the rest of his team over the opposing eleven. Thus it is that whereas when the play centres around his post—or, rather, posts—of responsibility he is the most important man on the field, there may be games when he will perhaps not be called upon to handle the ball at all. But he is the only man who has to play individually. He stands or falls solely by his own play.

### THE COALIE'S BUILD.

What are the physical and mental requisites of a good goalkeeper? It is indisputable that he must have many of both. First of all, his head must *always* be clear. He must have nerves of steel. Though his position is one which calls for more anxiety and excitement than any other, he must never be either anxious or excited. He must be essentially cold-blooded.

So much for his non-physical qualifications. Now we may deal with his bodily ones, which are three—height, speed, and power.

The first he must possess to enable him to reach the cross-bar and "play" high shots with a minimum of jumping gymnastics. At the same time, however, the more supple his body is, so much the better, because in stretching upwards to a high shot, he does not always do so straight up, but more often diagonally. Although a tall goalkeeper is eminently desirable, all other things being equal, still a shortish supple man is preferable to a lanky lethargic one.

### SPEED AND STRENGTH.

Speed, of course, is indispensable because, when a whole forward line is manœuvring in front of goal, he must move like a flash of lightning from one danger spot to another. One forward may put in a corner shot which he may negotiate successfully; but he has hardly time to breathe before the ball is hurtled in again in a totally different portion of his goal.

It frequently happens, too, that he is called upon to rush out and kick away a ball that the opposing forwards have allowed to get a little too far ahead of them. In this sense it will be seen that he often has to *race* the forwards, the speediest men in a team.

Strength is called for, among other reasons, because a goalkeeper is bound to be charged, unintentionally or otherwise, now and then. Such a happening should never be allowed to put him off his balance, mental or bodily. So a custodian should be big enough and powerful enough to meet the most vigorous onslaughts as firmly as a rock.

### HANDLING.

The marks of a good goalkeeper are strong defence, smart handling, knowledge of when to throw and when to punch out, resource in meeting corner-kicks, and judgment in kicking out of goal.

In defence, he should act in a measure as does a fielder at cricket—*i.e.*, interpose some part of his body between his goal and the ball. It is a judicious selection of the most suitable part of his anatomy that constitutes one very important department of goalkeeping science.

In catching the leather, the goalkeeper should again emulate the cricket fieldsman. He should take it cleanly, with just a little "give" of the hands to prevent it from bouncing out again. And in kicking out, he should always do so *to the sides*, unless absolutely forced to send it to the centre.

Throwing away the ball should only be indulged in when there is no time to drop the ball for a kick. There you have the whole of the throwing question in a nutshell.

Now take fisting out—a pretty piece of play, which is always highly appreciated by the spectators. This, again, should only be done when the ball is coming so high or from so near that there is no time to catch or kick it.

### HOW TO PUNCH.

Do you, however, know the right part of the hand to fist with? Many players do it with the fleshy under-part of the closed fist, like a boxer chopping at his opponent's kidneys, but this is unsafe, for the ball is liable to glance off. In reality it should be struck simultaneously with the fleshy part under the thumb and the joint of the wrist.

What should the goalkeeper do when a corner-kick is being taken? He has not the faintest idea where the ball will drop, and enemies are all around him.

### RECEIVING A CORNER-KICK.

First of all he must be in a position to follow the ball's flight from the moment of the kick, and he must be in the best position to deal with it when it reaches the front of the goal. If he stands by the post nearest the corner whence it is coming he can *watch* it best, but he will probably have to turn round when it arrives, and in most cases this is fatal. So he always stands at the post furthest away from the corner-kick. In this way he must go forward to meet the ball.

Finally, with regard to clothing, *always* wear a sweater. If your forwards are controlling the game, you will bless it; and if you look like being busy, you can easily take it off.

ARTHUR COLLINS.

## WHAT THEY WEAR.

ACTORS (*In Fiction*): Brown bowler hat, blue greatcoat with brown fur collar and cuffs; trousers with stripes that shriek; glossy patent leather boots.

ACTORS (*In Fact*): Lounge suit of quiet colour and neat cut; black bowler hat.

* * *

AUTHOR (*In Fiction*): Wideawake hat; long black cape; baggy trousers; long (uncombed) hair; soulful expression.

AUTHOR (*In Fact*): Well-cut lounge suit and black bowler. Hair cut like anybody else's.

* * *

POLITICIANS (*In Fiction*): Frock-coat and topper, or slouch hat and homespun—according to party.

POLITICIANS (*In Fact*): Lounge suit and bowler.

# WATER-POLO FOULS.

## RULES THAT MAY BEWILDER THE BEGINNER.

It cannot be said that the water-polo player is guilty of indulging habitually in irregular practices; when he does commit breaches of the game his lapse is usually due to excitement.

From the beginning he is confined to a "field" of not more than 30 yards in length and 20 yards in width. More often than not, the space is proportionately less.

The fourteen men—seven a side—usually keep their places in the area. Consequently the players are near each other, and must be quick to beat their respective opponents.

Fouls are either ordinary or wilful. Their consequences differ, for in the former the opposing player nearest to the spot where the foul occurs is awarded a free throw, whilst in the latter the offending player is ordered out of the water until either side obtains a goal, and, in addition, the nearest opponent takes a free throw.

At the word "go," the referee is watchful lest players in the forward line start before time to reach the ball in the centre. Deliberately wasting time with a "paid" player is seldom a cause for the referee's shrill music. Still, it does happen, and although time is not counting, the spectators are irritated, and endurance to continue does not enter into the contest.

It easily enough happens, when the forwards bombard a goal and the opposing backs clear, that a player rests unconsciously within two yards of the goal he has attacked. Promptly this player receives the referee's attention.

To impede an opponent by splashing in his face is a trick for which an unclean, clumsy trudgeon stroke is often responsible, nevertheless it is unlawful, for it often dispossesses a fast man of the ball when he is completing a fine dribble. Striking the ball with the clenched fist is not allowed to any player, save the goalkeeper.

In the cases above mentioned all the fouls are wilful, and the referee who is called to use his discretion in the conduct of the game rightly has no option in these.

Ordinary fouls are many more in number than wilful ones. They are the least damaging in the progress of the offended party, and consequently more leniently viewed by the laws of the game, for they merit a free throw only.

Touching the ball with both hands at the same time (except for the goalkeeper) is an offence. Holding the rail or side, standing on or touching the bottom of the bath during the game unless for resting purposes gives an undue advantage. Interfering with an opponent or impeding him when he is not holding the ball cannot be overlooked, as the attack is unfair, but nothing prevents the attacker taking the ball by competing in a fair swim.

It is improper play to hold a ball from the view under water when tackled, or to take an advantage by pushing off from the side or jumping from the bottom to play a ball or duck an opponent, although at starting or re-starting a game all players may avail themselves of the same opportunity.

Efforts to obtain the ball by holding, pulling back or pushing off from an opponent are punished by a free throw, as is turning on the back and kicking at an opponent.

To the novice the rules of water-polo often seem rather bewildering, for they are necessarily many and detailed. But for the benefit both of players and spectators they are necessary, and the majority of them are simply dictated by common sense.

W. BEVAN.
*(North-East Counties Amateur Swimming Association.)*

AN ELECTION EPISODE.

# SCENTING A FOX

By R. D. WESTON.

Journalistic business with a Candidate (at the last Election) took me up the winding carpetless stairway to his central committee room.

My card, however, merely added to the suspicion of the worried-looking little man in the flaring tie and the big rosette. He looked at it. He sniffed. He thought things. Then he spoke.

"This ain't a try-on is it, sir?" he asked me. "Not another little ruse of the other side's? 'Cause if so, well, my chucking-out staff is precisely the same as last year's. I give you the 'int. It's been good enough to make several foxes move out while their vixenish mothers were able to recognise 'em."

As it happened, unborn babes could not have had more blameless intentions upon that committee room's secrets than I. I mentioned this to the wearer of the tie and the rosette. (For the rest, he wore a rather shoddy frock coat and a resplendent waistcoat. But it was the tie and the rosette that stood out like electric light signs against the darkened heights of a Leicester Square building.)

I gave him further proof of my *bona-fides* and he seemed moderately satisfied, although I did not happen to have my birth certificate about me.

"You have to be *so* careful," he said, a little apologetically.

I felt sorry I had upset him. His workers were all out, and I offered my services. I thought it would appease him.

"Let me help you to rule those voters off," I said, picking up the red, the blue, and the black pencils—which, when used on the official register, signify the certain "Fors," the certain "Againsts," and the "Doubtfuls" respectively.

"Don't want any help just now," he said roughly. "You sit down. Our man'll be up presently."

I sat in silence for some minutes at the big window watching the swaying crowds, the gaily-bedecked vehicles, the carnival-like paraders, from the man in the clown's clothes bearing the board marked "Vote for who you like, but come and have your lunch at Twinkleton's," to the car of the Suffragettes with its exhortation to "Vote against the Government."

A lot of alleged sailors in a horse-drawn, canvas, cane-framed Dreadnought passed, singing to the tune of "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor":

"All the sane men vote for Tories,
All the right men Liberals bar;
All the Navy and the Army—
Well, they know what Liberals are . . ."

&c. It was sung in a manner that would ruin any cause.

Through this sort of verse, the cock of the committee-room cut. He had been inspecting my points as a judge at a cattle-show looks at a prize bullock. I had felt his eyes searching me.

He must have decided in my favour, for there was the smile of confidence on his face.

"Well, I'll tell you, if you won't let it go any further," he said. "We're about twenty ahead on the polling up to now. Three hundred an' ten have polled—a hundred an' sixty-five for us, a hundred an' thirty-four for the other side. An' there's eleven doubtful! But I put you on your word of honour, mind!"

This, then was the stupendous communication! He finished in an up-stage whisper, and immediately after he must have regretted telling me, for, his hand to his head, he rushed across the room, opened the door quickly, looked along the corridor, and, returning, made a tour of all the big cupboards. Sherlock Holmes himself could not have moved more swiftly and silently.

"I ought to have seen to all that before I spoke," he said, a little wearily. "But I've so many things to think of. Have to be so careful. If they see this list they find out our 'doubtfuls,' and that means all the good of weeks an' weeks of quiet canvassing wasted. Besides, you never know. The other side are sly as foxes. All sorts of tricks——"

There fell a double rap on the door.

"Come in!" said the cock of the committee room, his hand on the metaphone installation which very clearly was in direct communication with the Chucking-out Staff downstairs.

"Let's hear what this beggar's got to say!" he observed to me *sotto voce*. "Shouldn't mind bettin' he's a fox. . . . Beg pardon—a cub."

The young man—he had a face of supreme honesty lit with pure enthusiasm—advanced to the centre of the room, a big motor-coat over his arm.

"This Sir Willoughby Bangs's central room?"

"Yes sir. What might you require?"

"Oh, Sir Willoughby Bangs is my uncle, y'know."

"Never heard him say anything about a nephew, sir," said my host cautiously.

"Ah, no?" The young man laughed. "Well, 'tween you an' me, old sport, I ain't surprised. Doesn't write me down as a credit to the family, y'know. Worst of him is that if a man is a moderate sort of chap, *he* thinks that he's against his precious Party. But all the same he's a decent old stick, and how much I think of the old gentleman is proved by the fact that I was up at six this mornin' and I've come over two hundred miles in my car to lend him a hand. And just think, too—I've missed a hunting day!"

At the mention of that magic word at all elections—"car"—the ears of the gentleman with the tie and the rosette pricked up. To an Election Agent, the promise of automobolic assistance on polling day is more valuable than the hope of Paradise in a future state.

At that moment the telephone rang. From the opening conversation I gathered that it was the candidate's secretary. We had to retire, the alleged fox and I, into the chill of the outer corridor while they spoke.

When we returned the face of the agent was forbidding of aspect.

"Secretary says," he observed darkly, "that to *his* knowledge Sir Willoughby ain't got no nephew."

The young man took it mildly.

"Well, he's wrong," he said. "I'll wait until Uncle comes up. In the meantime, I can lend you a hand. We've just got our man in down home. I know all the ropes."

Unnaturally silky were the tones of the Agent as he replied,

"What would you like to do? There's a lull just now until the dinner hour, so there's no use for the car unless I look you up an Out-Voter. And I haven't quite finished marking off their list yet."

"Ah, that's it!" said the visitor, rubbing his hands with the gleeful anticipation of work, "I'll help you mark 'em off—the 'Fors,' the 'Againsts,' and the 'Doubtfuls.' Then you send me after the 'Doubtfuls.' I've got miles of eloquence for Uncle up my sleeve. . . . On second thoughts, I won't announce my presence to him until I bring a voter in."

I saw a smile of triumph flicker over the face of the scenter of "foxes."

Unhesitatingly he pressed his thumb hard upon the electric call-button of the metaphone installation by his side.

His attitude was suggestive of the immortal Sherlock laying bare the final clue to a mystery, with a dash of Napoleon surveying the Pyramids thrown in.

"Wanted!" he replied briefly to the gruff note that choked the receiver like a "G" banjo string's twang.

"Oh, we can do that work on our own. This man here, too, will lend a hand," said the motor-coated one, comfortably.

"This man" promptly effaced himself as much as possible in a corner.

A second later the hefty Chucking-out Staff burst in upon us like the plague on the first-born of Egypt.

"Which is 'im?" asked a broad-waistcoated Hackenschmidt, looking in my direction.

The man in the tie and the rosette indicated the visitor, and took up a dramatic position behind the desk, ebony ruler in hand.

"These," said he, grandiloquently, "are the hounds."

The visitor had not yet realised the situation.

"Plenty of bone but a little too heavy, I should say," he commented, critically.

"As the *fox*," said the Agent, glaring through his spectacles, "you'll certainly be the best judge o' their quality."

He turned to the Chucking-out Staff.

"Good scent this mornin'," he said. "This is another one that wants to help me rule off the register; another one after our Doubtfuls—and," he concluded, heavily, "another one to go down the stairs quick! Tried the relation-to-the-candidate dodge, he did. Tally-ho, boys!"

The "hounds" gave tongue, promptly.

Their hearts were very much in the game, and it added to the enthusiasm with which they made for their quarry.

There were two couple of them. And they all received in their faces by way of a preliminary the heavy motor-coat of the "fox."

"If that's y'r game," he said, gleefully, "come on, you blighters! And you too, old Giglamps!"—(this to the Agent)—"Hullo, there's one for *you*, Tommy Burns!" (You must imagine all this punctuated by hard smacks upon face-flesh and paddingless waistcoats.) "And how d'you like *that*, Langford, old boy? . . . Now it's you, Jeffries, is it? My dear boy, *that's* one from our own stable. Do nothing else down home—when the ground is hard. . . . Boxing in the harness-room from ten to twelve-thirty. (How's that, Massa Johnson?) . . . Yes, you caught me one then, Thomas . . . but—whoosh—well in the waistcoat! (That's one of our best body hits, young man. You ought to feel honoured, not hurt.)"

Thus, within the space of three minutes, while the Agent and I stood in a whirlwind of ancient dust from the bare boards, the redoubtable Chucking-out Staff were floored.

The amateur fist-expert was standing serenely caressing a purply lip when Sir Willoughby Bangs entered. His first gaze of horrified wonder on the scene was only equalled by his surprised recognition of the triumphant hero.

"Hallo Archie," he said. "Er—what's this?"

"Oh, just come down to give you a hand, Uncle," said the young man. "In the meantime we've all been getting in training in case of free fights to-night, haven't we, you chaps?"

# WITH THE BEATERS.

## THE UNFAMILIAR SIDE OF PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Naturally, with our inborn love of "the kill," those of us who are not of the party are inclined to cling to the neighbourhood of the stands where the guns are placed to await the rocketting long-tails as they leave the wood and make a high and swift bid for safety right over the danger zones.

As near as we dare, which is as near as we are able to get without a polite request not to come quite so near to the guns, we eagerly await events for half an hour or more, breaking our morning walk, and paying a high tribute to the keen love of sport that every Englishman possesses.

It is strange how this love of shooting appeals to practically everybody. The great majority who have never owned or carried, or fired even a toy rifle, let alone one of the marvels of modern manufacture, are as keenly interested in a shoot as if they owned acres of woodlands thickly overrun with game.

The sedate country resident who has left town for economy's sake; the parson and his wife; the farmer, of course; the pedlar and the motorist; the ploughman and the country doctor—all will draw up and watch, over the hedge, the progress of the squire's shoot.

They would scarcely stop a moment for a tennis tournament or a game of polo or football.

Our eyes are fixed on the space between the edge of the wood and the guns. We are too far off to hear any noise in the wood, and it seldom strikes us to look for the cause of all this hurried flight.

The beaters are, in short, never given a thought by the casual onlooker. They are, of course, ever in the mind's eye of the sportsman, for obvious reasons.

Nevertheless, to go through the woods with the beaters is a very interesting experience. The head keeper will usually allow a visitor to take his place in the line if he shows that he knows what is expected of him.

Of course, he must not expose himself to danger, and he must on no acoount break the line of the beaters.

The guns are placed along the field at the far side of the deep wood. A few are posted along each flank to catch bold birds who attempt to escape sideways.

The long line of beaters—strange, ill-kempt, ragged, and rough-looking men most of them, each carrying a long, thin staff, enter the wood at a given signal.

For a space of many minutes they may be heard tramping and scrambling through the undergrowth, struggling past brushwood, and scuffling along deep in dead leaves.

At every pace or so the men tap-tap-tap on the trees and shrubs, keeping their eyes open, so that, if possible, no birds shall double back behind them.

They see nothing of the sport. Clean out of sight of sportsmen and each other they plod through the thick wood, keeping as nearly as possible in line by the sound of the beating on each side of them.

Occasionally there will be a rush of strong wings and all will look out. One spots the bird and yells out "left" or "right," as the case may be. In a few seconds, far out of the wood a shot is heard. One straggler has been bagged.

As the beaters reach an open ride in the woods they stand still and tap the nearest tree till all have come up. Then on they move again, the shooting now growing fast and furious—almost incessant.

Towards the end they go still more slowly so that all the birds may be driven out but not too much in a bunch.

And as they reach the far end of the wood at last, they see for the first time the results of their work in a goodly heap of game waiting for the cart.

F. WHARTON.

# IS MEDIOCRITY THE BEST GOAL?

*Oh, mediocrity,*
*Thy priceless jewel, only mean men have,*
*But cannot value.*

—FLETCHER.

This paper is notoriously unconventional and out-spoken, and for that reason I trust to be permitted to voice in its pages a somewhat unconventional idea.

It would be difficult to say how much the trend of philosophy is dependent upon the early education of philosophers.

For some reason or another, most of us have been at an early age innoculated with the idea that we must, on attaining manhood, secure riches, fame, and other desirable things without loss of time.

This idea is set in our minds by our mothers, for women are unreasonably ambitious. For their daughters the chief thing they desire is a happy marriage, but for their sons they must have the laurel wreath in one form or another, and they set it as the ultimate goal, simply because they do not know how much a man misses in striving for it.

Be the origin of the idea what it may, the average man finds himself in the early twenties full of a determination to get on—that is if he is normal in every respect, with fairly good health and with the resultant energy.

### GETTING TO KNOW LIFE.

Before he has progressed far into the twenties his education, technically speaking, is finished, even if he is a 'Varsity man, but his knowledge of life is only beginning to exist.

He follows his boyish ideals, confident that, with his merits and with his steadfastness of purpose, he is bound to win. He enters the lists of business, and is unpleasantly surprised to find that the commercial world does not fall down and worship him. He is irritated at the kind tolerance of his opponents; they were once young, and very much like him, and they understand him; no man likes to be fully understood.

He gets ahead well enough to make a comfortable living, and at that precise moment there arrives the crisis of his career. Is he to rest content with a competence and with other comforts, or is he to set his teeth and go hell-for-leather for great wealth, leaving everything else neglected?

It may seem unjustifiable to give only these two alternatives, but they are the only two.

### MONEY AS THE IDEAL.

The man who makes much money is admired and held up as an example. That is because the inner side of his life is not known.

Women like him because he has got on, and because his career will be a useful example to their sons. Men like him because he is a fighter. They know that their own inclination is to get quit of work as soon as possible in order to enjoy their home life, and they admire him because he can put these attractions on one side, and stick to work later than other people. If they only knew it, the attractions which keep them from working late do not exist for him, because he has no home life to go to, and work is his only pleasure.

He cannot be congratulated on resisting a pleasure that does not exist. He works on, cleverly if blindly, and money comes to him, but he never knows how to spend it, and it is only at his death, when the figures of his estate appear, that the world knows how wealthy he was.

For that type of business man one may have a certain amount of sympathy or at least, of pity. The better feelings in him that might have drawn his interests in other directions either have never existed, or have been lost; but there is the other type of business man, who, while having every inducement to give his heart full play, yet curbs and checks every generous impulse, and throws the whole weight of his brain and his personality into the making of money.

How much has he lost, and how much has he gained? He has gained thousands, or it may be, millions of pounds, but at the end of his life, instead of being more kind and sympathetic, he is hard and calculating, and his chief concern is the avoidance of the payment of death duties.

Need I say more to show that mediocrity in the matter of business success is the best goal?

It is much the same in all other matters of human endeavour and interest.

In love, the supreme realisation of sentimental ideals is impossible.

### DIVIDED INTERESTS.

Even where you find a couple happily married in every way, you discover some little point of secrecy, some little point where there is lacking that absolute confidence which one is taught to expect in the ideal marriage.

You may, for example, find the wife secretly saving money against a rainy day. She is doing well in making such provision, but the fact that she does not tell her husband what she is doing shows that she is not in full sympathy with him.

In France it is the usual custom for marriages to be arranged by the parents, and it is a well-known fact that French marriages are, on the whole, more happy than English ones. The French bride understands that she and her husband are made one for reasons of convenience, and she is not exacting. Her ideal in the matter of matrimonial happiness is to reach just the mediocrity, and she reaches it by giving him free rein in every respect.

### MARRYING FOR LOVE.

The English girl, on the other hand—or, at least, the best examples of her—marries for love, and for love alone. Such being her outlook, her demands are extravagant.

A man's ideas and a man's hobbies are different from those of a woman. She makes no allowance for this difference. Married life for her must be one long-drawn-out love song, and human nature makes that impossible.

In a man's friendship for another man there is the same need to be content with mediocrity.

The David and Jonathan idea does not now exist. You find men partners in business, and working with all smoothness; you find men who seek one another's company in their pastimes, but you do not find men who can confide to each other much what they would like to do. There always remains an element of distrust that makes the attainment of supreme friendship impossible.

Occasionally one comes across men who hanker for such friendship, and who are sore about not attaining it. Their sorrow would not exist if they better realised this philosophic truth—namely, that it is not given to us, on this earth at least, to attain any form of infinite pleasure, and that the sooner we learn to content ourselves with mediocrity—not necessarily with inferiority—the better.

C. WOLFF.

# Back to Work.

## SOME THOUGHTS IN THE HOME-BOUND TRAIN.

Seen from the right end—the end which was the beginning, to be Irish—the Christmas holiday seemed a period of almost endless duration, in which there was time for everything.

Running through the free days in your mind you promised yourself innumerable pleasures, and that not one hour should pass without contributing its full share of interest or excitement.

With half of Saturday (for some of us); with all Saturday (for a few of us); and with just time to scurry from work to catch the train on Saturday night (for a good many of us), we were all able, nevertheless, to regard the holiday as a big slice of time cut out of the heart of hard work.

### THREE PRECIOUS DAYS.

These three days were to be like the juicy sultanas in the dry expanse of the bun.

While the days lasted, doubtless we filled them with pleasures after our own *hearts'* desire.

Now they have gone, and there is no recall. Before we realise it we find that there is just three-quarters of an hour before the train starts that will carry us back to the grind-stone.

Once again we are in the train; our bags fixed on the racks; our rugs and coats drawn closely round us; our minds dazed with the sudden expiration of the holiday, yet trying to go over the whole ground again in order to gain assurance that it was really a good time, and that no hour slipped past us without its share of pleasure.

### TIRED.

To tell the truth, most of us are rather tired. We have not spared ourselves during those three days, and, in reality, we filled them so full with plans and doings that we never stayed to watch their passing.

By watching those hours go by we should have attained nothing. By filling them with sports and other pleasures we forget their passing, and only returned to realise their flight when they had gone. Such is the contradiction of all life in holidays and other days.

Just now we are being rushed back to work at the rate of sixty miles an hour. There are trains just in front of us and trains crowding on behind us, and all are full of people bent on the same purpose—work.

### IN THE TRAIN.

The regular hammering of the wheels on the rails, the sustained roar, and the hurrying landscape all tend to lull us to sleep. It is only half-sleep that we indulge in when travelling. Now and again the deep sound of applied brakes partially rouses us, and we open our eyes and dimly realise that the train has stopped at some fairly large provincial station.

Through the open window come the characteristic sounds. The strange sing-song of the provincial district is faintly heard as the newspaper boy passes up and down with his "morning paper" long drawn out and of a peculiar intonation heard nowhere else.

Another youth offers us "Banbury cakes"; but we take no heed. From somewhere down below us comes the metallic sound of a hammer tapping the carriage wheels to see that all is sound. Dimly we hear the tapping grow fainter until it ceases, and the gentle motion of the re-starting train lulls us back to slumber.

Strange distorted scraps of dream and reality run through our brains for a long,

long time, and we shift our positions, even in sleep doing our best not to inconvenience our neighbour or the traveller opposite.

Then, of a sudden, our slumber is rudely broken. The door flies open, a man in uniform leans into our midst and asks for "tickets please" in a voice loud enough to wake the dead.

Good heavens! We are back again just outside the great terminus. There is a scramble for tickets, bags and rugs are gathered up, and five minutes later hundreds of us are scattering by 'bus and cab to every corner of the metropolis.

To-morrow we work again.

J. C. JACKSON.

## SHIP'S COMPASS AND HELM.

### NAUTICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.

The cardinal points of the compass are North, South, East, and West. There are 32 "points," 32 "half-points," and 64 "quarter-points." The "bubber's-point" is a line drawn on the inside of the rim of the compass bowl, and indicating the direction of the ship's head.

You "box the compass" when you are able to name all the opposite points.

A ship is steered by a rudder, worked by a tiller, the latter in turn being operated by a wheel and wheel ropes. When the wheel is moved, the ship's head and rudder move in the same direction, but the tiller moves in the opposite direction.

Therefore, when the helmsman gets the order "Port" or "Port your helm," he moves the wheel towards starboard—*i.e.*, the right, looking towards the stem of the ship and vice versâ.

On the order "Luff," the helmsman turns the wheel to windward, but on the order "Keep her away" the wheel goes to leeward.

"Helm amidships" tells the man at the wheel to keep the amidship spoke upright, while "steady" means "Keep her head as it is."

A ship is said to be "running" when the wind is aft, and "before the wind" when the wind is right behind her.

She is "scudding" when running before the wind under bare poles or with close-reefed sails. The opposite of "scudding" is "lying to," when, owing to heavy weather, she has to keep near the wind under reduced sails.

H. GOSLING.

## THE BOXER'S TRAINING.

### HOW THE FIGHTING MAN SHOULD KEEP FIT.

From time to time THE MODERN MAN has published a good many articles dealing with the noble art of self-defence, so that it is open to question whether there is any department of pugilistic science that has not been touched upon at some time or other.

But there is one very great factor of success in boxing, which does not come under the category of science, but with which every ambitious devotee of the glove contest should be thoroughly conversant. This is the best mode of preparation for boxing, and the rules to be observed in order to sustain the condition of bodily fitness necessary to succeed in the art.

The man who wishes to combine hard condition with quickness and activity should avoid a temptation to which almost every man is very susceptible. This is the inclination to make his muscles "bulge" by the use of heavy dumb-bells, developers of great resisting power, and similar appliances.

However imposing an enormous development of muscle about the biceps and shoulder may be in appearance, it is in reality injurious to good performances in the ring, for it only makes a man painfully ponderous and deplorably slow in his every movement.

The good boxer should be more like a nippy fox-terrier than the huge bulldog; and while making full use of every ounce of his weight in putting in a hit, he should remember that inert bulk is of no use at all.

Quick movements with dumb-bells weighing no more than two pounds each are excellent training. What the professional coach makes his pupils do is to punch out with each arm alternately for, say, a hundred strokes, increasing the number as fitness grows. A man in good condition should do two hundred with two-pound bells without overdue strain. But until you have tried you would hardly believe how few strokes you will really be able to do comfortably before you are fit.

The boxer who is seeking good condition could not do better than walk. It seems commonplace, for walking is hardly a "heroic" measure, but professional trainers are agreed that there is no better all-round training. Put in five miles a day at a good pace, really "extending" yourself, and at every half-mile or so sprint about sixty yards at top speed. This will increase your breathing power and general stamina to an enormous extent; and at the same time your quickness on your feet will, of course, benefit considerably.

But for agility in the matter of footwork there is really no exercise to beat ball punching. Few people, however, punch the ball in the right way. They use a ball on a stationary pedestal, which is bound to come at you along certain lines. The best ball to get is an ordinary football—an old practice ball will do admirably. Suspend this from the ceiling on a piece of strong indiarubber cord, and fix it to the floor in the same way.

If you care to spend the money, you will find the punching-balls with this kind of fitting well worth the cost.

Then, when you punch the ball, do so just as if it were a man. Try on it every stroke you know, and put them all in *as hard as you can*. Most men, half unconsciously, only use straight hits on a punching-ball, so that it may "come back" straight; but this, on the face of it, robs the practice of half its value. In a contest you can never be sure of your opponent's designs, so that a little uncertainty with regard to the ball's intentions is advantageous.

Get away smartly at each recoil of the ball, but always do this neatly. Do not stumble or get flurried. Then you will increase your footwork out of all knowledge.

By the way, every boxer's training quarters should contain a skipping-rope. It is just as useful to the pugilist as it is to the footballer.

RONALD BLACKITT.

# HOW TO DANCE THE LANCERS

## THE ONE AND ONLY RIGHT WAY—THERE ARE MANY WRONG ONES.

Probably not one man in five knows how to dance the lancers correctly. Nevertheless a man who would hesitate to show his ignorance of waltzing or polkaing will gaily plunge into a set of lancers regardless of the fact that he annoys and irritates those who know the figures, and turns what should be an enjoyable dance into mere buffoonery.

Often a set of lancers is arranged only to be abandoned because nobody has the least idea what to do. It is desirable that you should know the lancers, not only to be able to go through them with ease and dignity, but to help the ignoramus.

Each set of lancers consists of four couples arranged in opposite pairs, and there are five figures.

### "TOPS" AND "BOTTOMS."

Remember that just as you give your right arm to a lady when going into dinner, so in square dances the lady stands on the gentleman's right hand.

In the first figure the leading lady and the gentleman opposite her advance to the centre and then retire one step. In square dances the couple nearest to the orchestra are reckoned the leading or "top" couple.

They then advance one step, join hands, turn round once, and retire to places.

The leading couple join hands and cross over to the opposite side, the couple opposite passing them on the outside.

The latter couple then return, leading through the centre, and the leading pair passing them on the outside. Then all set to corners and turn.

To set to corners turn to face your partner and take three steps to the right, beginning with the right foot. Draw left foot up to right, rising on the right toe, return and perform the same manœuvre to the left, take your partner's hands, turn round once and resume your place.

The whole of this figure is done once by each couple, the lady always starting.

### THE SECOND FIGURE.

In the second figure, the leading couple advance to the centre and retire, advance again, then the gentleman retires alone, leaving the lady in the centre. Set and return to places.

The side couples, *i.e.*, those on right and left of leading couple, then join the leading couples making two lines of four each; they advance and retire and then each gentleman turns his partner to her place.

This figure, like the last, is performed once by each couple.

In the third figure, the four ladies advance to the centre and then return to their places. Their partners then advance to the centre, joining hands so as to form a circle, and the leaders place their hands on the gentlemen's wrists. All circle round to the left, finally breaking off opposite their respective places.

The gentlemen again advance to the centre and cross arms left hand to left hand. Then they place their disengaged arms round partner's waist and circle round to places, afterwards repeating the figure.

### "VISITING"—NEW STYLE.

The fourth figure is "Visiting." There are two ways of performing it—Old Style and New Style—but, as the former is so seldom seen nowadays, I will confine myself to the latter.

The leading couples visit first the couple on their right, then the couple on their left. The "hosts" and visitors cross arms right hand to right hand, circle round three steps, then join left hands and circle round three steps in the opposite direction. Then join hands in a ring and circle round to places. Sometimes, instead of forming a ring both arms are crossed over the other couple's arms and the gentlemen swing their partners round, but this looks ugly and is rather dangerous, as if one partner lets go the other's hands he or she may get a nasty tumble.

The leading couples go visiting again, this time beginning with the left-hand couple. Then the side couples repeat the whole figure.

Nowadays people often waltz round while "visiting," but unless you have a good ear you are apt to get behind or in front of the music, and either complete the figure too soon or find yourself out of your place when the "band" stops.

### THE CHAIN.

The fifth and last figure is the Grand Chain, often known as the Ladies' Chain. It is astonishing how many people go wrong over it, for it is really simple enough.

The chain commences with the music, after a preliminary chord has been struck. Turn towards your partner and pass her, giving her your right hand, then left hand to the next lady as she comes towards you, and so on. On meeting your partner, who, of course, is moving in the reverse direction to you, on the opposite side of the circle, pause, and then continue the chain till you reach your place and meet your partner again.

The chain completed, the leading couple promenade (or waltz) round inside the figure returning to their place so that they have their backs to the centre. The side couples fall in behind them. the opposite leading couple keeping their places so that you have four couples in file.

### WHERE CONFUSION USUALLY OCCURS.

They move across each other, gentlemen to the right, ladies to the left, the gentlemen passing behind the ladies; advance forwards and backwards, then cross again so that you are as you were—*i.e.*, in file—the ladies in one row, the gentlemen in the other.

The rows move off, the ladies turning round to the right, the gentlemen to the left, so that they meet again at the bottom and each gentleman leads his partner up.

Then they separate, retiring to opposite sides. They fall back in two lines, ladies in one, gentlemen in the other, advance in line and retire, then turn partners to places and Grand Chain.

Each couple in turn repeats the figure, beginning from the promenade or waltz round.

One seldom sees the lancers well danced, they too often degenerate into a rowdy romp, but properly done they are a pretty sight.

Carry yourself erect, but not stiffly, keep your toes out, and point them downwards whenever you have to raise a foot, and avoid horseplay.

The man who knows how to dance the lancers is popular with hostesses and the ladies in general.

E. H. HILL.

# GYMNASTIC RINGS.

## HOW TO DEVELOP THE MUSCLES BY THEIR USE.

The rings—sometimes they are known as "flying rings"—are one of the favourite pieces of apparatus used in the modern gymnasium, and many of the feats performed on the trapeze may be applied to the rings.

They consist of a couple of lengths of rope hooked securely at the top to a socket in the roof or to a crossbar, and fitted at the other end with rings of wrought iron. In some cases, however, they are shaped rather like a stirrup, and they are sometimes covered with cowhide. The round ones are the better, as if the leather covering gets worn away by the hands they can be twisted round so as to be gripped in a different place. They should be of wrought iron about half an inch in diameter, and each ring should be about six inches across.

Take my tip, and have them leather-covered, as this will absorb the perspiration and give you a firm grip.

EXERCISE I.—Take hold of the rings with the hands, thumbs inside; now hang at the full length of the arms; from this position raise the body up by the arms, keeping the legs straight and toes pointing downwards, until the chest is level with rings. Sink slowly down again from here into first position, and repeat five times.

EXERCISE II.—Hang with arms as above and draw body up as before. Holding firmly with right hand carry the left hand and ring out sideways and keep the body in this position for a few seconds, then bring the left hand back and do the same with the right hand, then lower the body to the first position. Repeat seven times.

EXERCISE III. — Hang with arms as in Exercise I., raise the legs to a horizontal position, bending only from the hips, and keeping the feet in line with the leg. Now raise the body up with the legs in this position till the chest is level with the rings, then carry the right and then the left hand out sideways and lower the body again.

EXERCISE IV.—Grasp the rings firmly with the hands, with the wrists up as high as possible. Raise the body up slowly, then straighten the arms, which will bring the body above the rings, the hands either being pressed on to the thighs or at the back. The beginner will find this exercise more difficult than it appears, and will have to jerk to get into the proper position, but a little practice will enable him to "press up" slowly.

EXERCISE V.—Take hold of the rings with stretched arms. Carry the legs up (keeping them quite straight, with the feet in line with them) at the same time drawing the body together. From here throw the legs over backwards, hollow the back, straighten the arms, and let the head be kept well back, when your body will naturally take the correct position, toes pointing downwards. Now raise the legs up and reverse the exercise.

EXERCISE VI.—Carry the legs over as explained in Exercise V., now place a foot in each ring, bring the head well back and bend the body, coming into position with the back well curved. This develops the back and arms.

EXERCISE VII.—Stand on the toes under the rings and grasp them loosely. Now with a quick spring from ground carry the legs round between the rings, bending the arms at the same time, and then loose your hold on the rings. When the body gets a little further round straighten the back and you will alight on your feet. Have a mattress to practise on, or you may hurt yourself. This exercise ought to be performed quickly.

The last exercise is a feat, and should not be attempted until you have gained confidence by regular practice of the simpler ones. Too much ringwork makes the arm muscles "knotty," and thus prevents growth. Massage with olive oil after each practice and then they will increase in size, and you will get that sharply-defined muscle which you may have admired in music-hall gymnasts.

J. THURLBY.

# THE WOOD IN WINTER.

*"The leafless trees my fancy please."*—BURNS.

Now is the time when it is frequently said that all things pertaining to the earth and Nature are dead.

Even hope of spring might be abandoned when listening to the manner of people's speech when brought face to face with a mid-winter landscape.

But Nature is not dead; she is taking a rest, well-earned and necessary both for past efforts and future tasks.

Nor is the earth as deeply asleep as will be the case a week or two hence. Now the rains have softened the surface and washed the branches clear of summer's accumulations and autumn's dead wrack and trimmings. There is strength and vigour in every swaying or dripping limb.

### OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

When continued spells of frost have hardened the earth and the harvest of dead leaves has been absorbed into the ground, when the last green freshness of the fields has been turned to a drab grey-brown, and when the roads ring like iron to the tramping feet—then it may seem that the spirit of life and the quickening power of growth have fled, leaving the earth to the pitiless killing frost.

The rain, not as it falls, but after it has fallen, is the great enemy to the enjoyment of the open life round about the shortest days of the year. It sets a limit, and a very strict limit, to a man's excursions, unless he happens to be a particularly adventurous spirit who does not mind as much wading as walking in a short afternoon's ramble.

For the majority the hard high road must be the only promenade, with, perhaps, an occasional cut across a footpath. Walking in winter fields, after autumn has done its best with rain, is, however, something of a labour. The boots sink deep at every step and one drags and slips along in a most tiring fashion.

### FOR THE ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT ONLY.

On days of quiet, when no blustering winds are stirring and no downpour making the trees drip in streams, the deep wood is the ideal rambling place.

Access to it is certainly a puzzle. The gateway to the field through which the wood rambler must pass is a quagmire. You know the sort. However far the gate is opened there are deep round puddles of thick muddy water where the cattle have stood, and to cross this swamp to the comparatively dry field beyond is a matter requiring much agility and care.

Lucky you are indeed if you do not mistake your footing and go sousing under water, covering one boot up to the ankle with yellow mud.

With a final leap and a splash you land on the far side, and strike away to the little gateway used by none but the keeper and yourself all the year round.

### LIFE AND COLOUR.

Approaching the wood there is a feast of splendour for you. Indeed, as a spectacle of Nature the wood seen from a hundred yards away on a chill, misty winter afternoon is a delight indeed.

The smaller wood—stout hazel, chestnut, little beech stems, and other dark-barked trees make up a dense, dark, purple-red wall, through which no glimpse of daylight beyond can penetrate.

There is no death in that mass of wood. The rich colour of life is on every branch, and a purple glow seems to radiate from the heart of it all.

Lifting their many heads high above the undergrowth, the kings of the forest are still and defined against the sky. They seem to utter a constant challenge to the skies to send all and any weather. They care not what comes. Snow cannot cover them, rain runs down their limbs and is absorbed, the winds blow and they wave their arms in exhilaration.

### SILENCE AND MYSTERY.

Within the wood scarcely a sound breaks into the serene stillness. The mist hangs low, giving the few pathways and rides an even more attractive appearance. The rambler must go on and on, expecting something new at every step.

Above him he hears an occasional tapping on the boughs as a bird works at nut or bark for food that is now so scarce. There is movements and a rustling sound among the undergrowth which he attributes to the rabbits he cannot see. Now and then there bounds across the ride, from branch to branch, a squirrel. Its lightness and power of jumping are so marvellous that one almost expects it to take to the air like any bird.

Far into the wood there stands a cluster of tall pines, their dark, velvet-green summits hidden in mists. A faint, even calling comes from these great trees as the slight wind draws music from their spiny foliage.

### NATURE'S CARPET.

Ages of freedom from heavy traffic have given the woodland paths a soft springing surface. Grass, and moss, and embedded leaves, and millions of fir spines have made the finest carpet ever produced. You tread as if on thickest velvet, not making a sound as you go. Only an occasional click as you snap a dead stick warns the wild creatures of your approach.

All sorts of creatures have come within its shelter for the winter, and a careful watch would reveal the presence of most of the wild animals which still exist in England. They are not large, but they are more numerous than many people suppose.

Dusk descends early and with suddenness upon the wood, and by the time you reach an outlet to the fields again it seems to be quite dark within, although there is still a trace of sunset in the open.

At night the sounds in the wood seem to increase, never for a minute is it dead still, and unless you knew something of Nature's ways you might imagine that half a dozen men were prowling through the undergrowth.

But the wood is a sanctuary, and only creatures of the wild flock there by day or night in winter.

C. EASTON-GREY.

# LETTING THE NEW YEAR IN.

## THE ENGLISH, THE SCOTCH, AND THE COLONIAL WAY.

In many countries—Scotland and France, for example—the New Year is considered of far greater importance than Christmas, and it is on New Year's Eve and Day that the real celebrations take place.

In the Colonies, too, the New Year is ushered in with rejoicings unknown in England.

In Canada they have a delightful custom known as "sitting up" on New Year's Day. Every matron is "at home," and keeps open house. Bachelors and girls go round visiting. You don't need to know a person to enter—everybody is welcome—and the more visitors the Canadian hostess has the better she is pleased.

She provides every manner of comforting drink and palatable snacks, and really to do your duty on "sitting-up" day you want a head like a teak-baulk.

The veriest tramp may have his fill on New Year's Day in Canada, for every family door is open, and none is turned away.

London prides herself on her New Year celebrations outside St. Paul's on the evening of December 31. It is supposed to be a gathering of Scotsmen, but just as the majority of the festive youths on Boat-Race night have never been within smell of either university, so, nowadays, most of the St. Paul's celebrants are Cockneys.

At St. Giles', Edinburgh, it is different. There you do get the genuine Scotsman, and the sight is impressive. True, there is a good deal of intoxication, and the first clang of the bell is the signal for much clinking and breaking of such things as bottles, flasks, cups, and glasses.

Still "Auld Lang Syne" sung in the shadow of Scotland's national cathedral lingers long in the ears. Scotsmen, of course, are great on "first footing."

The Scot who heard the New Year chime with his door shut would reckon on ill-luck for a year. The door must be open to let the "little stranger" in, and also to welcome the first person who happens to cross the threshold.

Lucky the "hoose" when the "first fit" to pass the doorway belongs to a dark man, and here again the most absolute stranger may claim hospitality with the certainty of getting it.

Englishmen, somehow, never seem quite to get the spirit of the New Year. Society, it is true, dances the New Year in at the great hotels, but the average Englishman would not thank you for "first footing" him. If he is young he bangs tea-trays, rings bells, and generally makes a hideous noise; but middle age, as often as not, finds him snoring in his comfortable bed at the dawning of a New Year.

To the Scot, on the other hand, it is the "nicht o' nichts," probably because the Scot for all his religion is at heart a pagan, steeped in superstition, and attached to heathenish customs.

Seeing the New Year in may involve a good deal of unnecessary drinking, but, after all, why should we not let ourselves go once in a way?

Even the most unlucky or pessimistic of us cannot but have some feeling of hope at the beginning of a New Year. We resolve to wipe out past failures, to atone for wrong-doing, to avoid mistakes. Probably most of our good resolutions are shattered within the first week, but it is helpful and pleasant to make them.

So let us open our doors wide to wee 1911, trusting that he will bring us luck, comfort and cheer.

COLIN MACPHERSON.

## QUITE ENGLISH!

### AN EXPERIENCE THAT NO MAN ESCAPES.

At no season of the year is the barometer tapped so often and so anxiously as now.

Whenever you find yourself in the hall, where the long round-faced instrument hangs, there is an almost irresistible impulse that draws you to it.

Tap, tap—no sign of movement on the part of the long thin needle that seems fixed at a point between "rainy" and "stormy."

Tap, tap, tap. A little harder this time, and an extra one. Ah! The pointer gave a jerk. It was just a little movement, but in that one quiver you detected just a bare inclination to move up towards "change."

This is distinctly encouraging, and you stand directly opposite the needle to see how far it really shows signs of rising.

True, it is only the faintest fragment of an inch, but it at least gives you ground for hope that a change will soon come.

The truth is that most particularly you want to-morrow to be fine. At least you hope it will be dry so far as overhead conditions go.

You do not expect a night's moonshine to dry the roads and make the fields firm and hard, but you do expect the rain to cease for five hours on end, so that you may keep an appointment that is, to you, of more than passing interest.

Buoyed up by the signs you venture out into the garden to see to what extent the aspect of the heavens is in keeping with the face of the barometer in the hall.

There is as yet little to warrant any great exhibition of enthusiasm.

Though the severity of the downpour has abated somewhat, there is still enough rain falling to take the ardour out of you and to mock the rising glass. It is not persistent, however, and picking your way under ceaselessly dripping trees you find that far to the south-west there is a suggestion of a break in the clouds.

The leaden uniformity of hue from which has poured the torrents of the past two days now gives place to a brighter, thinner sort of canopy, and your spirits jump much higher than the barometer seems inclined to do.

For another hour you wait indoors. Then, looking out once more, you see that the storm has indeed exhausted itself, and sure enough, low down, pale, and quite ineffectual, the sun has found a way through the clouds, and is flooding a saturated landscape with colour.

Every point that can hold a drop of water is a glistening jewel; the wet surfaces of the tree branches shine yellow and almost warm in tone; and in the sky the clouds are broken and in strips, flying overhead in scattered hosts, disrupted and in disorder.

By evening there are none left. The sky has cleared, and the dying day finds the rains ceased and a watery moon climbing slowly heavenward.

You are in luck, indeed. For once the weather is going to suit your plans.

You fall to sleep almost with one eye and one ear open to catch any sound of rain, or sight of new cloud.

Even as you stir uneasily, half-awake, or rather more asleep than awake, there is something at the back of your dreams that gives you that dim sense of uneasiness that worried sleepers have.

Before your eyes are open you listen to catch any sounds from outside. Has the clearing lasted? Did new clouds arise as you slept?

Almost with fear you look out of the window.

From a leaden sky, and a wind more firmly fixed in the south-west than ever you have known it, with a steady, hope-killing, go-on-for-ever note in its fall, the rain streams down.

In a moment your plan collapses. You dress without interest in the day, and as you pass the round, bland-faced barometer you notice that the pointer has swung back again, this time to "very stormy."

Such is English weather! H. JONES.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**A WORD FOR HORSES.** "I was glad," says a Wolverhampton reader, "to see you take up the cudgels for the horses of London in the matter of having the wood-paved inclines sanded. There is another point that it would be well for you to remind your readers about at this season of the year, and that is that those of them who own or drive horses should see that their shoes are properly roughed in frosty weather.

"When frost comes suddenly, it is a pitiful sight to see the horses floundering about; but sometimes you see horses slipping even when there has been several days of frost, and only because those in charge of them have neglected the simple precaution of having their shoes roughed."

---

**AN EPISODE.** I fully endorse what my reader says. Not only does the neglect of roughing in frosty weather bring discomfort to the horse, but also danger to anyone who may drive or ride him.

Last winter I had a very sharp lesson in this respect, which I am not likely to forget.

I got home from work about eleven o'clock one night, and, after a hurried supper, I went out to the stable, saddled Atholl, and took him out. I put the lamp half-way between the stable-door and the gate to let him see his way. He made the usual pretence of being afraid of the shadows cast by the lamp; but he was just as glad to get out, even at that time of night, as I was to take him.

The road down to the village street is paved with ordinary macadam, but the street itself, which is traversed by many motors, has been covered with some special preparation of tar, which is supposed to minimise the nuisance of dust in the summer-time.

This tarred part does not extend very far, not more, in fact, than a couple of hundred yards. As usual I walked him till we came to the end of it, for I believe that it is best to let a horse stretch his muscles and get his blood circulating before you ask him to trot or to do anything in the way of hard work.

There was just a touch of frost in the air, the moon was out, and Atholl's spirits were about as high as mine, and when we got on to the good old-fashioned country road, we went along at a very respectable pace.

I should imagine that we had been out for close upon an hour, when I noticed that he was slipping a little, and this on an ordinary country road. I turned his head for home and trotted no more, for at a walking pace there was less danger. Even so, he slipped more than once, and I was afraid that we should have an accident.

---

**IN TROUBLE.** At length we got back to the village street. The tarred part of the road was now covered with glistening frost, and the horse's shoes had not been roughed.

I decided that he would have a better chance of keeping his feet if I dismounted and led him instead of riding him, and, holding the bridle at either side, I backed on to the dangerous part of the road, bringing him after me.

I do not think that I am ever likely to forget the next half-hour. There was only about two hundred yards of this glassy stuff to be covered, but it took us half-an-hour to do *it*.

The village is over-policed, and you very soon find a constable if you happen to forget a lamp on your bicycle, but that night there was not a constable to be found. I wish there had been, for I should have asked him to hold the horse while I went back to the garden to bring a bucket of gravel to provide him with a footing.

He slipped this way and that, and I thought every moment that he would be down. It was a matter of getting him along inch by inch, and when I had got him to cover a few inches, I stopped to let him get his breath again. Even when he was standing, his feet slid out sideways, and I expected every moment that he would be down. You can imagine my feelings, for an accident to him would have meant more than merely the loss of a horse that had cost me a good deal of money; it would have been the loss of a valued friend, to whom, away out in the country, where there is no one to listen, I have confided many things that I should not be likely to say to any human being.

Bit by bit, I brought him to the turning where our own road goes off, and I shall never forget the tremendous satisfaction when that corner was reached, for the roadway here was passable.

I got him back to the stable. The lamp was still burning at the edge of the path, and the light of it was welcome indeed.

I rubbed him down, put his blanket upon him, and gave him a substantial feed of corn, although, according to the usual programme, he should not have had a feed at that particular time; and then I went back to the house and had a stiff nobbler of whisky. I do not mind confessing that I needed it.

I have, on different occasions, risked life and limb without feeling in any way upset afterwards, but somehow or another it is a different matter when the life and limb that you are risking are those of a horse to whom you are particularly attached.

The remembrance of that little episode makes me very careful in the matter of roughing horses now, and I most enthusiastically support the appeal of my reader.

---

**THE RIGHT SORT.** I have received a most refreshing letter from a private in "The Buffs," at present stationed at Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

"As one of the keenest readers of THE MODERN MAN," he writes, "I think I have the privilege to call your attention to an omission in the recent article entitled 'Some Famous Regiments.'

"I have the honour to belong to one of the finest regiments in the British Army—namely, The Buffs, 3rd East Kent Regiment.

"I must say that I feel very much hurt at not seeing this Regiment's name mentioned in your article. I may say that I am only a very young soldier myself, having only eighteen months' service, but I am just as proud of the Regiment as the oldest soldier amongst us. We are taught on enlistment to love our Regiment and its traditions."

I do not propose to print this reader's name, because I know that a soldier is forbidden to communicate with the Press, but I think that most of those who read this letter will feel glad to know that there is more in the Army than some people suppose.

I know that there are many who regard a man's enlistment in the Army as a sign of his having had some sort of trouble at home or in business.

Any such opinion is most unjust. Some men are made for fighting, just as some men are made for running papers, or for whatever their particular life's work may be.

Good luck to the soldier who is so proud of his regiment, and good luck to "The Buffs"! Let us hope that there are many others like him in their ranks.

YOUR EDITOR.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand. London.*

## THIS WEEK.

### THE HALTING DAYS BETWEEN CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Days that are crowded with work or with pleasure have a way of passing with incalculable rapidity.

You rise with the thought that before the sun sets and the darkness once again bids you seek rest, you will do many things and enjoy each to the full.

Then, when at last your eye wanders to the clock you are astonished that the ten, twelve, sixteen or even more hours have flown since you made that mental note, and you seem scarcely to have had time to turn over in your mind any of the pleasures you anticipated in the early morning.

Life is like this all through, and the experience is concentrated into various trite and more or less accurate proverbs and quips. It seems to be a general experience that one cannot both eat and keep the cake.

And Christmas Day is essentially one of those days that steal away and are gone—and the next morning has arrived—and you are stupefied with the rapidity of it all.

There follows the blessed week between Christmas and January the first. Of all weeks this, at the beginning, seems a dull week.

You are rather at sea as to where you stand with work and pleasure. The great festival has knocked the bottom out of your plans.

Rather, was it not the fact that you made no plans beyond the great day itself?

All your energies were concentrated on Christmas Day; all your presents bought for that day; all your plans laid for that day as if there were no others to follow.

And when others do follow you find a slackness, a vacancy, a sort of feeling that you are out of count with everything.

But the feeling soon passes; and when you have convinced yourself of the proper day of the week—holidays are most confusing even when they fall on Sundays—you begin to feel a real pleasure and a sense of relief in the fact that there is, perhaps, the best part of a week that is not planned out—when there are no trains to be caught; no offices to attend.

Having successfully fought off the feeling that there is some duty to perform, that you ought to be setting to work on some vague task that half haunts your mind, then you can look round about and watch the year glide slowly, silently, perhaps a little sadly away.

It is a good time, is this last sketch of the old year's life.

Man is so made that he wants frequent points from which to start afresh, and behind which he can leave old trappings.

Have you never felt the enjoyment, the delicious joy with which you tie up odd, old clothes in a bundle and leave them to be taken away—for good? I have, and I expect you have.

So with the dying year. You may have but vague ideas as to what the New Year will bring, but at least you are glad of the starting point it affords, and your mind is stimulated.

You do not want to go forward weighted with the past.

If you have the opportunity, you will spend all of this last of the year in the open air. These days in the air broaden the outlook, adjust the mental focus, and give a man a chance of balancing his mental and physical books, as it were.

One of the matters to attend to invariably near or on December 31st, is the careful sifting of all the literary accumulations of the year.

Every drawer, desk, box, and pigeon-hole is overhauled, and a sentence is pronounced on each item. Then summary justice is done. And what a mass of rubbish most of it was!

For to-morrow and the next day, until the eve of January 1, you feel lighter, easier, readier for the next 365 days

So, here's luck to you and to the year! May you both get on well together.

A. C. HARRIS.

## Sporting Stories.

### NOT GOING TO BE DONE.

"No, no, my man, you sha'n't swindle me," said Mrs. Carnarvon-George (from Wales) to the taxi-driver; "your fare is one-and-tenpence, not half-a-crown. The machine registered eightpence when I engaged you."

### NO NEED FOR ALARM.

The irate diner laid down his spoon, smoothed out his napkin pugnaciously, and shouted for the head waiter.

This important personage arrived and stood more or less at attention.

"Waiter," said the irate diner, "there's a fly in the soup!"

The waiter fished out the offending molecule with the back end of a spoon and examined it closely.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, "I think you've made an error. You don't find flies in the soup at a respectable establishment like ours. This ain't no fly, sir, it's only a bit of dirt."

### THE JUVENILE BEANO.

"Another bun, Tommy?" suggested the benevolent Vicar, at the annual Sunday-school feast.

"No thank you, sir," said the youngster; "I haven't room for any more. But," he added, thoughtfully, "Billie has—he's just been sick."

### NO MORE.

"Now, my dear boy," said Aunt Arabella to her favourite nephew, "why don't you settle down? Settle down, my dear boy, and take a wife. You won't regret it."

"I did once," replied the dear boy. "I took a wife all right, but I ache all over when I think of the hiding her husband gave me."

### IMPOLITE.

"May I press you to a little jelly?" asked the nervous young man, at the suburban at-home.

"Sir," replied Mrs. Hollow-Primstringer, raising her glasses; "I did not come here to be insulted."

### PESSIMISTIC.

"Let us take our defeat like men," shouted the bottom-of-the-poll candidate, when the result was declared. "Do not let us be down-hearted. Let us prepare for the next."

## DISMISSED HIS SHIP.

### POINTS ABOUT NAVAL COURTS-MARTIAL.

Courts-martial on officers are far more numerous in the Navy than in the Army.

This, however, is no reflection on the character or capacity of the British naval officer.

The frequency of naval courts-martial is due to special causes. For example, whenever a ship is wrecked, runs aground, is in collision, or comes to grief in any way, a court-martial on the captain and such other officers as were on the bridge or actively concerned with the navigation of the ship at the moment of the accident, follows as a matter of course, although the innocence of the accused may be beyond dispute.

It is sometimes a purely formal affair, with the acquittal of the prisoner or prisoners a foregone conclusion.

As a rule, however, when a ship is wrecked, somebody has to suffer for it.

In the case of a wreck, negligence is presumed, and it is for the prisoner to prove that he was not negligent, so that, unlike an ordinary court of law, the burden of proof rests with the defence and not with the prosecution.

The "circumstantial letter," which is a feature of naval trials, sets forth the case for the prosecution, and it is for the accused to upset it.

Trials for drunkenness are comparatively frequent in the Navy yet very rare in the Army, but here again it would not be safe to assume that the military officer is a soberer man than his naval brother.

It is clear that the bibulous Army officer may get drunk out of barracks or in his quarters without anyone having knowledge, or, anyway, official knowledge of it, but on shipboard a man's life is open to everybody.

Then drunkenness in an Army man is a venial offence compared with drunkenness in a naval officer. The latter has such tremendous responsibilities; he must at all times, at least when afloat, be ready to face some life or death emergency; the temporary aberration of an obfuscated brain may entail a hideous catastrophe; one way and another convivial tendencies which would be winked at in the case of Mars must be severely dealt with when shown by the naval officer.

It is fair to point out that naval men have special temptations to drink more than is good for them. The hardships they have to endure in the way of weather, the strain of modern naval life, and the monotony of being afloat for weeks, even months at a time, all tend to make a man seek relief in stimulants.

With regard to punishments, "to be dismissed his ship" is a common enough sentence. This, however, does not, as some people think, mean that the offender is turned out of the Navy. Far from it. It simply means that he is placed on the unemployed list until such time as my Lords of the Admiralty think he has purged his offence, when he is appointed to another vessel. This may be quite soon or never.

An officer is sometimes technically guilty of an offence, which involves the sentence "dismissed his ship," but it is known that he was not morally to blame, and in such a case he will not have to wait long for another vessel.

Indeed, there have been instances of an officer being dismissed his ship, only to be immediately appointed to another and bigger one, and subsequently to become an Admiral.

"To be dismissed his ship" is the punishment for offences which are mainly of a professional and technical nature.

On the other hand, when an officer is dismissed the Service, it is usually for conduct of a socially and morally disgraceful character.

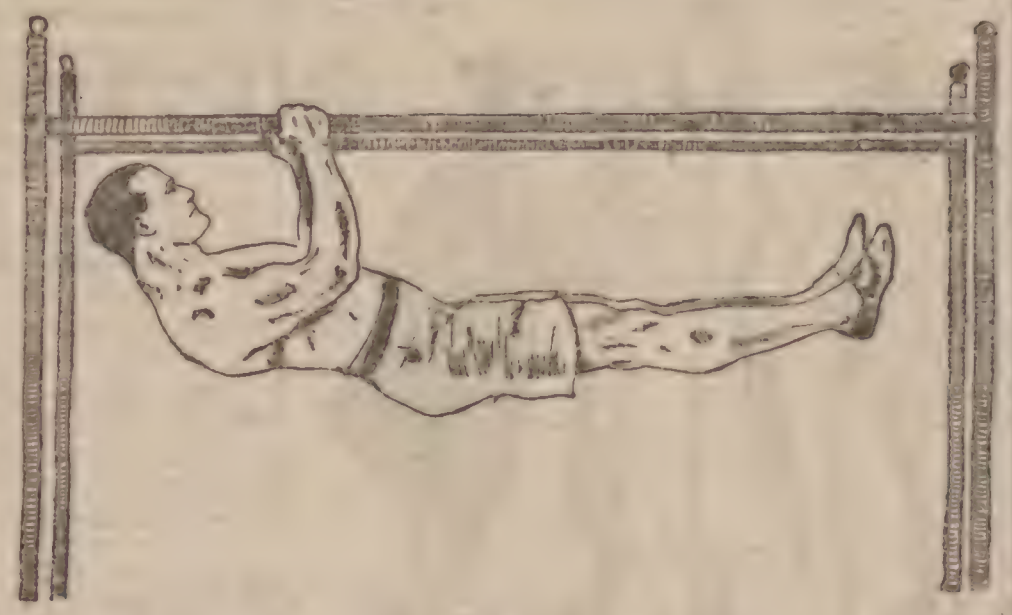
R. T. BRONTON.

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.



## ONE-SIDED ATHLETES.

One often comes across men who, while abnormally strong in certain points of muscular development, are comparatively weak in others.

This is probably due to the fact that they specialise in some particular form of sport and neglect the more general rules of physical development. It may be that, owing to their keenness for such a sport as cycling, their legs far exceed the average measurements, while their arms fail to reach the usual level of strength.

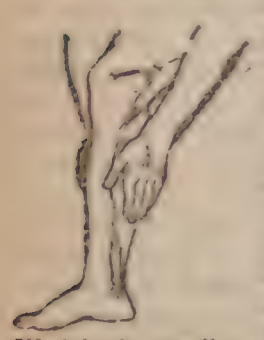
Such a condition, while being preferable to wholesale weakness, is not to be desired, and the specialist at sport should endeavour to devote a certain proportion of his time to the strengthening of those muscles that are not largely benefited by his favourite sport.

Swimming and rowing are, among others, sports which are beneficial to all muscles, the legs and arms having an almost equal amount of work to perform.

## MASSAGE OF THE CALF.

When the calf is massaged a circular movement is adopted, the hands working completely round the leg. There is also, however, a downward sweep of the hands when they are in contact with the calf itself.

Massage of the calf will be found to have more beneficial results than might be hoped for, judging by the simplicity of the required movements.



Work in short spells.

The illustration shows clearly the manner in which the leg should be grasped by the hand; the thumb should be away from the fingers, which, in turn, hang somewhat loosely, though a fair amount of gripping power is required.

When massaging the lower parts of the legs it is advisable to work in short spells, and to avoid as much stooping as possible.

Try not to cramp the chest, and keep the head as upright as possible, so that the lower limbs are not strengthened at the expense of other and equally important parts of the body.

## CARE OF THE TEETH.

It would be an excellent idea if some exponent of physical culture would devise a system of exercise for the cleaning of the teeth, so stimulating interest in those most important parts of the head.

Many of us fail to realise that our temporary and minor ills are often occasioned by neglect of the teeth.

A large proportion of people never trouble to use the tooth-brush when they rise in the morning.

The natural consequence is that the tartar accumulates and decay gradually sets in.

When this happens, the state of the enamel of the teeth goes from bad to worse until it is past repair, and digestive troubles set in.

When the teeth have reached an impossible state, we suddenly awaken to the fact of their being in a wretched condition, and pounds, which might otherwise have provided enjoyment, pour into the dentist's pocket for the providing of unutterable pain and futile unpleasantness.

## AN EXERCISE FOR THE LEGS AND ANKLES.

The sketch illustrates the most difficult position in an exercise, the object of which is to increase the staying-power of the ankles and to strengthen generally the muscles of the legs.

A certain amount of balancing power is required before the exercise can be perfectly executed, but the requisite steadiness will be attained by practice.

Standing with the heels six inches apart, place the hands upon the hips and sink gradually until the illustrated pose is reached.

Take it slowly.

It should be noticed that the entire weight of the body rests upon the foreparts of the feet; not upon the whole length of the sole. The knees, which must be kept steady throughout, will not be touching; they will be pointing slightly in an outward direction.

Make every effort to keep the body erect, and not to bend forward at any stage of the exercise.

## EXERCISE AND LONGEVITY.

One frequently reads in the correspondence columns of newspapers the more or less valuable opinions of readers on more or less interesting topics.

But my interest was aroused, some little time back, by letters which brazenly declared that laziness was the key to longevity.

Wear and tear, say the writers, are responsible for death, which, in turn, is caused, in the ordinary way, by the wearing out of the muscles when a man's entire strength has been drawn upon. If, they wisely proceed, a life of absolute ease was possible, the muscles would never wear out.

I suppose they would apply this argument to the mental faculties also, so that to attain long life for the brain one would have to deny oneself the use of the brain.

The whole system of argument is, of course, nonsense when we come to analyse it, and I remain convinced that it is exercise that will give long life if anything will.

Let me cite a prominent instance. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who might be a Prime Minister to-day if he could have been up and fighting, used to boast that he never walked if he could ride.

In fact, he was proud of the fact that he seldom took a day's exercise in his life.

His breakdown in health, which is deplored by both parties, is a lamentable example of the fact that vigour of mind and body, without which life is only a burden, depends to a great extent upon physical exercise.

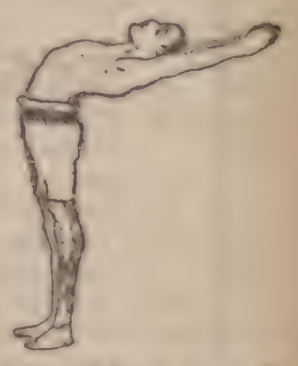
## AN EXERCISE FOR FITNESS.

This exercise is designed to keep the fit man fit; one who has been lately suffering from anything approaching headaches should not attempt it.

Standing at attention, raise the arms to their fullest extent above the head, and bend the trunk backwards until the illustrated position is reached.

If you cannot get quite so far back do not be perturbed, as it is not given to everyone to be able to achieve such an angle.

Now, from the waist upwards, swing the body forward as far as possible; pause, and return to the illustrated position.



Get as far back as you can.

Repeat the movements twelve times, but if the head commences to ache, the execution of the exercise had better be postponed.

The heels remain touching throughout the movements, and the legs should be kept as steady as possible, the joints remaining firm.

In the forward movement keep the neck fairly stiff, and do not allow the head to hang loosely.

## HEAVY OR LIGHT LUNCH?

It is both amusing and instructive to watch the demolition of the various dishes which are set before the lunch-hour customers of a city restaurant.

There is the fat man with three chins who spends an hour and a half over his mid-day meal and then waddles off to sit thinking about it in some office, the lazy and easy-going character of which is shown by his very expression.

Sitting next to him is a thin, hollow-cheeked youth who pecks listlessly at a plate of dry biscuits and takes an occasional gulp at a glass of milk.

These two individuals represent the two extremes. The hundreds of men who sit around strike the happy medium, and I am convinced that theirs is the most profitable manner in which to spend the lunch-hour.

Personally, I prefer a substantial meal in winter as protection against the fury of the elements, and a lighter, though still fairly solid, series of dishes in the warmer season.

One will naturally require more meat and solid warmth-producing food in winter than in summer, when a vegetarian lunch has much to be said for it.

On the other hand, it is inadvisable, if only from a business point of view, to consume enough to make you sleepy throughout the afternoon.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**At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

*When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."*

# Treat your NERVES as well as your complaint.

—Dr. BIRLEY.

There are scores of complaints rife to-day that are wholly and purely *nervous* in origin.

There are also scores of others that have weak nerves accompanying them. "*Look after the nervous system. Keep it well nourished and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us,*" were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world his new method of administering the valuable element Phosphorus to the human system. Likewise in treating diseases and complaints other than those that are nervous in origin there are numberless drugs and medicines in existence that give relief and benefit for such, yet the results to be obtained can always be very greatly enhanced by seeing that the nervous system is given proper attention at the same time—far better than when the disease is treated separately.

"*Treat your nerves as well as your complaint,*" is the additional advice of Dr. Birley.

The special form of Phosphorus introduced by Dr. Birley, now so well known and established as being the most reliable and certain method of administering this valuable brain and nerve feeding element, readily combines with most of the best and well-tried remedial agents known to medical science, and the following are the principal compounds introduced by Dr. Birley (after extensive use in private practice), against which are enumerated the various diseases and complaints they are intended to cure.

# DR. BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS COMPOUNDS

**PLAIN** SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's preparations.* A Vitalising Food for all Brain and Nervous Affections—from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.—and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, Sleeplessness, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations of either sex.

*THE REV. A. E. REALFF, LEICESTER, says of this kind:* "*Has helped me marvellously in my brain work, I feel quite another man.*"

**IRONISED** SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of *great value* also as a restorative after an attack of "*Influenza*" or any debilitating illness.

*REV. R. FLETCHER, HULL, says of this kind:* "*Has made the life and work a pleasure that before were a burden.*"

**SUB-IRONISED** Specially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons *instead* of the "Ironised." For Debility of the Muscular and General System, and when "Below Par," and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, and Varicose Veins. For Anæmia, Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

*REV. G. COOK, CHURCH GRESLEY, says of this kind:* "*Very beneficial. Recommended to others.*"

**BRONCHIAL** SPECIAL REMEDY for Coughs, Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Sore Throat, Wheeziness, Old-Age Cough, Night Coughs, Throat and Chest Weakness. Exceptionally valuable in *safely* removing Children's Coughs. Contains no narcotics nor anything injurious. It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint. Should be persevered with for some while after the ailment is cured because of its tonic properties.

*REV. J. C. GRIFFITHS, LLANGEFIN, says of this kind:* "*I can bear the highest testimony to this splendid medicine.*"

**GASTRIC** SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Stomach and Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, &c., &c. Tones up the Digestive Organs, and increases their *natural* powers of digesting foods by strengthening the NERVES that control digestion. It sustains and fortifies the whole system.

Where, however, there is, in addition, *excessive* general weakness, the Ironised or Sub-Ironised should be taken on alternate days with it.

*REV. E. EVANS, HUDDERSFIELD, says of this kind:* "*Benefit received is very decided.*"

**ANTI-RHEUMATIC** SPECIAL REMEDY for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases "**Ironised** or **Sub-Ironised**" will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it). It strengthens the NERVES and tones up the whole body at the same time as curing the complaint.

*REV. E. TONGUE, HANDSWORTH, says of this kind:* "*After more than 12 months' continuous local pain from Rheumatic Gout, the second bottle suspended this, an effect various treatments had failed to produce.*"

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*REV. R. FRAME, BIRKENHEAD, says of this kind:* "*Accomplished all it claimed to do.*"

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"Doubtless the 'Christian Age' enters many a home where there is some weakly one whose feeble health makes existence a burden, or perhaps it is a disease considered incurable which is wasting away life. Wherever there is such a case, we sincerely wish one of Dr. Birley's Preparations of Phosphorus might have a fair trial. These preparations are the result of scientific studies and experiments extending over many years, and the success which has already attended their use has been almost marvellous. We have seen hundreds of letters (not copies, but the original documents), some from persons well known to us, all testifying to the curative effects of one or other of those preparations. And more than this, we **know** of cases in which they have been the means of restoring to health when to all appearance recovery was almost impossible. They go direct to the root of the disease, supplying vitalising food, invigorating, strengthening, and nourishing the brain and nervous system and in conjunction with other ingredients forming a specific cure."

**The Editor of the "CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH" says:**

"Our readers know quite well how careful we are not to recommend anything but what is thoroughly trustworthy, but so many voluntary testimonials of unmistakable genuineness are before us that it is simply impossible to question the efficacy of the Medicines to which we are calling attention; hundreds of letters from all classes of people, including titled nobility, clergymen, physicians, etc., amongst which we notice several well-known names, all bearing remarkable testimony to the benefits derived from them. These letters, we understand, are open to the inspection of any *bona fide* applicant. We were assured that new letters of testimony arrive daily, in proof of which letters received during the past week were produced.

"Although Dr. Birley's Preparations of Phosphorus have been established for many years, it was only at a quite recent period that any effort was made to introduce their principles to the knowledge of the general public, and we have no hesitancy in saying that they may be tried with full confidence. They are largely endorsed in the medical profession, and, what is better still, by the experience of thousands."

**Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds are sold by ALL Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boots', Taylor's, Parkes', Lewis & Burrows', Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.**

# VILLERY'S NEW YEAR

THE STORY OF A MAN'S HONOUR.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

They said Villery had made a hash of things. They said he was good for nothing. They said, when he was fool enough to "marry the girl," that he was in for something of a bad time. They said it would prove his ample punishment.

The January of the Old Year had shown a somewhat different Villery to the one that the New Year should see. And no one, not even the wondrous "They," knew it much better than Villery himself.

Of a good middle-class family—a community that has to think of "appearances" far more than those two fundamental equals, the very high and the very low classes—Villery had followed in the footsteps of his scapegrace uncle, the irresponsible sailor-man who had "married for love." That was his sin.

The voice of the gossiping "They" declared that there was a bad streak in the Villerys somewhere, and because Grandfather Villery had garnered in some of the golden grain and had a position, it was a matter for tattle at every middle-class At Home in the tempestuous, stuck-up little town that was the home of the Villerys.

Yes, they said, Villery was like his uncle, and totally unlike his respectable, plodding brothers. Yet—it seems strange when one comes to analyse it—their sins were simply that Villery's uncle had married for love and young Villery for honour.

Villery had made the same mistake as his uncle inasmuch as his crowning folly had not been committed with a girl who could in any way be called nice.

His respectable brothers would have settled the matter in the gentlemanly way. They implored him to do so, in fact. They would have given her money. (After all, she was only the daughter of the most unclean of bakers.) Villery, however, stuck out. He gave her his name, which was perhaps more valuable to her, and, in addition, as much of his love as he could possibly conjure up for her. If you ask why not all, you must remember that there are two classes of women (and *only* two) to whom young men give their attention.

Villery's wife, doll-like and brainless, was not much different to the majority of her compeers in a higher social grade. But she lacked the advantage of the "h." She was not shocked if men said "damn" in her presence. Nor did she pretend to be.

She knew men.

Also she had not any sort of middle-class name to protect her from certain advances. . . . . But this was the woman with whom Villery, six-months-married and the father of a crowing boy who seemed scandalously ignorant of the humiliation he ought to show under the appalling circumstances, was to begin his first New Year of married life.

It was, considering these things, cruel, even of his most broad-minded brother, to write and ask him if he remembered the previous New Year's Eve; also a certain ball and a certain girl—a girl whose expression was sweet and demure, whose light hair formed a halo to a face that knew nothing of the sinister things of Life, and to whom Villery, who had loved her with the true, strong love of full responsible manhood, had explained just nothing. The whole circumstance was of a different sphere to her shining, cold star of perfect purity. Villery had shrunk from contaminating her with it. He would as soon have thought of flinging a handful of mud at her dear face.

One wonders whether Villery is an object for pity or for derision when one looks at him as he is after the perusal of that letter. Must he be laughed at for a fool paying for his folly — or pitied because every man knows just how far she who bore his name really deserved his love?

The somewhat untidy woman in the arm-chair by his fireside does not trouble to ask what he is reading. She often gibes him on letters he receives from his "stuck-up friends." But Villery is not bitter in return. He merely smokes his pipe and keeps from his face the look that would tell her, quicker than any language, that he knows she will never understand.

The woman reads a romantic novelette so that she does not see that Villery's eyes are dimming, that he is biting his lip to stop the groan that the vision of certain soft eyes is threatening to wring from him, that his fist is closed, the nails cutting the flesh. She does not see that Villery, the quiet, good husband (whose chief fault is that he will not abuse her in turn) is paying in mental agony, for which his eyes may open no flood gate, for "acting like a gentleman."

Villery, sitting thus, is thinking hard. The tense expression has left his face. As that vision hovers near in the smoke-wreaths of his pipe it is sweetly tantalising. Yet for a moment it is a brief respite in a life that can be nothing but always paying, with Death to draw the last instalment.

Ay, they are always far removed. . . . . Yet he would fain have imprinted one chill seal of their eternal estrangement upon the lips that, hovering near, yet mocked him in their intangibility.

There came back to Villery, as a glimpse of Heaven afforded a man in the depths, the night of the New Year's Eve Ball, the linking of hands, the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by that cheery company as the Old Year passed away. In his right hand that night had been hers, clasped tighter than the good-fellowship of the song demanded. He had said in one glorious moment when their eyes had met and looked into each other for a never-to-be-forgotten instant that he had started the New Year with her. . . . . So might he finish his life. . . . .

The vision dissolved amid the call of carriage-numbers and the jocular grin of the policeman, as the carriage blessed to carry Her home rolled away. . .

"You look happy, sir!"

"By God, you're right, Bobby!"

Then—ah, then there was the fatal next day and the letter which told him that the other woman had to pay for that casual incident in a young man's life. . . . The next day, too——

Villery was startled from his reverie by his wife, who was sobbing a little.

"These here love stories," she said. "They *are* sad sometimes, ain't they?"

He crossed over to her.

"Never mind," he said, picking up the pathetic penny novelette, "it isn't true, dear, you know. Love——"

He paused and turned away his face.

"Why, Love's a gay thing!" he said.

# A MAN'S TOYS.

## HOW PROUD WE ARE OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS, AND HOW WE LOVE OUR OLD ONES.

Just as a child will lavish a wealth of affection on some battered and entirely disreputable doll, so will a grown man cling to some more or less worthless treasure, which may take the form of an old coat, or pair of boots, but is more often some veteran implement of sport or games.

When the Royal and Ancient Golf Club abolished the Schenectady putter they cut me to the heart. It did my play no particular harm, for I can putt quite as well, or rather, quite as badly with a legitimate putter as I ever did with my Schenectady, but the decision of the authorities robbed me of an old friend.

I loved his ugly squat head and blunt nose, but now I can only play with him in secret; and I do, playing imaginary matches on the carpet.

Am I a baby? I think not, for there are plenty of men who treasure obsolete or worn-out guns, fishing-rods, racquets, and the like, and although ashamed to produce them in public, fondle them in private.

The old toys are the best, but there is joy in choosing or acquiring new ones.

Many a stern, hard man trembles with anticipatory pleasure when he goes to try a new gun, rod, golf club, or what-not.

There is the pleasing anxiety of the choice. The shopman, as a rule, wants you to take something that he thinks you ought to like, but you insist on having what pleases you, for you can tell what really suits you.

If you are an enthusiast you insist on taking your purchase home with you. Many a man who would be plaintively indignant if asked by his wife to carry home a reel of cotton will cheerfully lug half a ton or so of fishing tackle up and down station steps and in and out of railway trains.

To meet an acquaintance on such an occasion is a godsend. He is pretty sure to ask what you are hauling that enormous parcel about for, and that gives you your opportunity. You tell him that you have just been buying so-and-so, and ask him if he would like to see it. Without giving him time to reply you unwrap the parcel and display its contents. "A beauty, isn't it?" you ask anxiously. If your friend is a wise man he waxes enthusiastic, if he is a fool, he is cold, indifferent, or disparaging, and thereby incurs your life-long enmity. The average man would almost sooner hear his wife disparaged than a new gun, racquet, or billiard cue.

Lovingly you point out the beauties of your new possession, and condescendingly permit your friend to try it in his hand.

Then your friend, praising it, leads up to anecdotes of toys of his own, this calls for similar reminiscences from you, while from time to time you lovingly pat your treasure, just to make sure that she is there all right. You and your friend part on the best of terms, and then comes the home-coming.

The nature of that depends on your home, but even if there is none to greet you but a landlady and a lodging-house general, you unpack your precious one and contrive accidentally to let them see it.

I had almost forgotten to mention one of the pleasures of the new toy—namely, bragging about the price you paid for it, or how cheaply your acumen and judgment enabled you to secure it.

I will not say that you take your prize to bed with you, but I don't mind wagering that when you wake in the morning the first thing you will see on the mantelpiece or some other prominent spot will be your latest toy—child-man that you are.

HERBERT J. RADFORD.

# THE CALL of SPORT

## AN EVENING INTERLUDE IN COUNTRY-HOUSE FESTIVITY.

It is a strange and wayward spirit of adventure that draws, nay, drags, a man from a warm fireside and a comfortable armchair, out into wildly inclement weather.

But who has not experienced this power, and who, having experienced it, has not readily obeyed it?

You may be sitting comfortably at the fireside, the day's work done, and many hours of certain rest before the grindstone had to be turned again. Then the spirit has visited you.

### WHY IS IT?

Throwing aside books, pipe, and all, and disregarding the surrounding comfort of your room—the warm glow of the fire, the attractively-shaded light from lamp on books and other things in the room—have you not often got up, clapped on some weather-defying clothes, and issued forth, caring nothing for the comforts you have left behind?

The experience must be common to most men, but to account for the reason for what might be considered by some to be stupid conduct, one must go far back to the origins of the faith that is in us and the spirits that informed our early ancestors.

It was such an occasion as this of which I write. It was during that happy week between Christmas and the New Year. The house was old, solid, fully provided with all that could make a man comfortable and keep him indoors.

There were many people in the house, men and women, and we were having the time of our lives.

Day and night the place rang with hospitality and joviality. There was surely no inducement to leave the warmth and go foraging about in the soaked country?

### AT SUNSET.

But the spirit came to some of us just at the dusk, when even men are subject to strange influences that change the even passing of their lives.

As if moved by like instincts three or four of us are looking out across a soaked lawn. The rain had been pouring down all day, and at last, away in the mist, there was a stretch of thin, pale, blue-yellow sky.

A little later the sun, sinking rapidly, fell from behind the upper rain clouds and dazzled the world as he sank. Far over the fields, looking east, was another country house, and the rows of windows, catching the sunset glow, shone as if the interior were a fiery furnace.

There and then we decided to try our luck that evening with the flighting duck. We knew of water-meadows where at dawn and dusk the long, high-flying lines of wild duck dipped to the earth and fed through the night.

### ARMED FOR THE FRAY.

It was the work of few minutes to throw off the garments of festivity and turn out with boot and legging, rainproof coat and cap. There were four of us, and two carried guns.

The contrast with the warmth we had left struck us forcibly as we left the house. The blustering wind was still laden with the last of the rain, and we tucked our chins deeper into our coat-collars as we met the fierce gale.

But we had tired of the house-life, and the merry-sounding notes of the piano coming from one of the rooms had no power, now, to lure us back.

The evening's sport was uneventful. We took up positions sheltered by willows and alders along the line of the little stream.

There is not long to wait on a winter evening. The dusk dies rapidly, and unless the birds come betimes it is useless to wait unless the air is calm and a bright moon shows up the birds as they come shooting out of nothingness into the circumscribed ken of the gunner.

### THE QUARRY.

The familiar whistling, or wheezing, of the mallards' wings was soon heard above or about us, and we peered from our retreats.

It is an inspiriting sound, that whistling of the wings in the air. And when it is followed by the loud, confident quacking of the old drakes, a man grips his heavy gun, turns this way and that, peering into the dark, and is ready to take the chance that may come—and go—in ten seconds or less.

Twice our guns spoke, and twice we heard that second sound—the soft but heavy fall of a well-killed bird to the ground.

The guns seemed to have warned other intending visitors to the feeding grounds that there was danger near the willows, for we waited and waited, as sportsmen will, against hope, on the "just a minute longer" principle, until we gave up.

### THE STRONGEST CALL OF ALL.

An hour to dinner! We had a wet, heavy, cold walk of nearly half an hour through sodden paths and by slippery fields. Half an hour for dressing, and then we would once more take up the life of the house party.

So back we trudged, delighted with our expedition. There was nothing to rave about. We had gone out and shot and felt the chill of night. That was all we wanted.

It was a merrier party than ever that night that we joined in, and not the least of the merriment was contributed by four sportsmen who a few hours before had trudged home dog-tired; men who had been driven out into a wet and inhospitable night by—by what?

There I give it up. But the call to the open comes when the call to wine, and song, and the company of fair women is at its strongest. And the call to the open wins.

F. MARSH.

**WHEN YOU WANT ANYTHING**

**remember that our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page is at your service.**

# THE COUNTRY ROUND.

## A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S PREFERENCE FOR THE LITTLE TOWNS.

Probably there are not many of my fraternity—I am one of those hard-worked men known to the outside world as "commercials"—who would agree with me in my preference for the country circuit as against work in the big towns.

I never leave headquarters with all my goods for a round of calls on customers and possible new ones without something of a thrill. Even into the dry and dreary business of getting orders and persuading the lukewarm there is an element of zest, and I have the gambler's spirit strong upon me when I call for the first time at a new house.

"What shall I come out with, I wonder?" That is the thought I have on entering. Then follow all the thousand and one different manœuvres by which one man tries to compel another by friendly means to come round to his way of thinking; and if an order is the result, I naturally feel I have scored.

Apart from the bare and dry fact that I am earning a living, there is a much wider element of interest, even romance, in the "commercial's" work.

He is for ever studying mankind, and becomes in time an expert on human nature, and in the several ways of finding the way to the business heart of the shopkeeper.

It is really not surprising that we should accumulate a mass of experience and a string of yarns concerning our fellow creatures.

At night when work is done and two or three of us gather in the cosy parlour of the little hotel far from the city and with the night before us, we exchange experiences and become the friendliest set of men, although we may be fighting each other for custom.

We don't exactly run down each other's goods, but we fight hard for custom, and then fraternise and enjoy the calm hours after the fight.

All these things the traveller enjoys whether he may be in town or country.

But there is one other thing that is even more to us in our distant rounds, and that is the welcome at an inn.

Every man who spends much of his life away from his own home knows from mingled pleasant and bitter experience what a great part the hotels play in life.

To a commercial traveller the hotels mean all the difference between enjoyment and misery. The legend "family and commercial" that appears over the door of so many hotels is not always a guarantee that the social atmosphere of the place will be anything but cold, formal, and repellant.

This sort of thing is very rarely found in the little country-town hotel, and for this reason chiefly the country round, as distinct from work in the larger towns and cities, is always, in my estimation, to be preferred.

In the big hotels, a man on crossing the threshold loses his individuality at once, and becomes No. 346 or some other soulless item.

He feels that between him and the landlord (which is often a board of directors) there is no personal feeling of friendship.

But in the little country-town's hotel, though you may visit it but twice a year, you are remembered. You have a name, not a number, and the landlord's hand is extended in welcome. You are not one of a ceaseless stream of visitors, but one of the regular few and as such the place is run for you.

The lack of show, the easy manners, and the quiet comfort of the place, compensates a hard-worked traveller for many disappointments. And in the comfortable old parlours the talk runs freely on shop or sport, or other topics until far into the night.

J. C. HARDY.

# The Phenomenal Record Breaker.

REMARK that this Record Rise is not a mere "snap" success, but a systematic advance from triumph to triumph, the legitimate outcome of foresight, knowledge and judgment. It is simply system. There is the whole secret in a crystal. A perfected system of our own, based upon intuitive knowledge borne of a lifelong experience of the forces that dominate the Stock and Share market. This, coupled with exclusive inside information operated with sane, logical business principles, and directed in the right channel, invariably leads to success, to fortune.

## HERE ARE YOU WISHING TO MAKE MONEY AND HERE ARE WE MAKING IT FOR OTHERS

Will you remain out of the circle of the fortunate, when perhaps a few pounds only stand between you and the most prosperous year you have yet known?

Much of that Half-a-Million pounds sterling has gone into the pockets of men and women with no previous experience of stocks and shares.

## WE ARE CONSISTENTLY MAKING MONEY FOR CLIENTS WHO FOLLOW OUR ADVICE.

The actual cheques are concrete facts possessing more force than columns of mere statement. This evidence is in our cheque files—part and parcel of our systematic way of doing business. They are there, open to verification. Could anything be more open and straightforward? We extend to you a cordial invitation to call and instantly substantiate all our claims.

**WE HAVE BROKEN ALL RECORDS**

—

**WE SHALL INCREASE OUR LEAD.**

**THIS COUPON MAY MEAN MUCH TO YOU.**

**To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange,**
**GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

M.M. 1910

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(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

DATE.....

(Please write distinctly).

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# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## THE COST OF COURTESY.

Perhaps I should have driven my point home more emphatically if I had left this column blank, and had put nothing into it at all, for the cost of courtesy is nothing.

I should think that the quality of courtesy is unique in the fact that it brings in a tremendous amount in the way of return, and often in the most unexpected manner.

A very successful business man, who is an intimate friend of mine, makes a point of being courteous to everyone with whom he comes into contact, no matter whether the person concerned be one in authority or only an office-boy, and the results to him have been very satisfactory.

Ten and twenty years ago, the business world was divided into certain definite strata. You had men who were in dominant positions, and others who were clerks. The men in the big posts held them, and the clerks never rose.

But all that is changed. Now we find the office-boy of five years ago the manager of to-day, for the period is one of young men. That fact—and fact it is—is sufficient in itself to show the need for being courteous to everybody, if you have a view to the future; but courtesy pays even at once.

Take, as an example, the lift-boy. If he is courteous and obliging he forges ahead, and very probably gets from one of the business men whom he conveys up and down a better position than that which he occupies.

The need for courtesy on his part is fairly obvious, but it is equally necessary on the part of those who are his passengers.

Christmas tips count to a certain amount, but the kindly word comes more often than once a year, and counts for more.

It is the courteous passenger who is rushed at top speed to his particular floor, and who never has to wait.

The same principle holds throughout business. The "bull-dog" in the outer office—whether it be an office-boy or a secretary—whose work it is to guard the privacy of his or her chief, and to spare him the trouble of receiving unnecessary callers, is adamant to the man whose manner is discourteous; but in the case of a courteous visitor, the "bull-dog" generally concedes a point, visits the chief, and asks him whether he can spare a moment.

These are two trivial points, and it would be possible to run parallels right up the business ladder, but if I have made the matter clear, you can do that for yourself.

If you are the head of a firm, and transacting business in a large way, you will be wise to be courteous to those firms with whom you are dealing, and who regard you as one of their best customers.

You never know when the time may arrive when you may want them to oblige you with credit. If you have treated the manager of that particular firm in an off-handed manner, he will get his own back by refusing it. If, on the other hand, you have been invariably courteous to him, he will probably be glad of the opportunity of reciprocating your courtesy by obliging you.

Courtesy in business has yet another claim to consideration. It lightens the day's work for everybody and makes commercial life bearable.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

## FINANCE.

*(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.* —EDITOR.)

### NEW YEAR TIPS.

While wishing my readers a prosperous New Year, I should like to contribute to their prosperity by giving them a little advice on a few sound and promising investments.

Those who like a dividend-payer with prospects of considerable appreciation of value during the coming year, cannot do better than buy the 6 per cent. Second Preference Stock of the Mexican Railway Company, now quoted at £89 per £100 stock. The full dividend for the first half of 1910 was paid, and the prosperity of the railway consequent on the increased and increasing trade of Mexico ensures the continuance of the full dividend.

The prosperity of the National Railway of Mexico is even greater than that of the Mexican Railway, and the 5 per cent. Second Preferred Shares of 100 dols. each, now standing at about 36½ dols., are a very promising investment. There has been no dividend paid on these shares as yet, but the returns to date for the current year give every promise of this stock entering the dividend-paying list. The largest financial houses in London and the Continent have been buying these shares very largely lately, which is an almost certain tip for a substantial rise in price.

### CAMP BIRDS.

The general meeting of the Camp Bird, Limited, held on the 8th of this month, was extremely satisfactory, and the figures showed that the company is earning over 28 per cent. on the whole of the capital, and when the new mine, the Santa Gertrudis, gets its big mill in full operation in a few months' time, the profits will be very much increased. The present dividend is 1s. per quarter or at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum.

### PLANTATION RUBBER COMPANIES.

The profit-earning capacity of plantation rubber companies still transcends that of any other industrial enterprise.

This is strikingly exemplified by the dividend announcements, now forthcoming, of the Selangor Rubber Company, the Pataling Rubber Estates Syndicate, and the Linggi Plantations.

The Selangor interim dividend is the third in respect of 1910, and makes, so far, a distribution of 225 per cent., while the final may make a total for the year of nearer 400 than 300 per cent., conceivably even more than the first-mentioned figure, according to one estimate.

Selangor, which has a modest capital of £30,000, and owns 2,382 acres, of which about 1,700 are under cultivation, led as a dividend payer amongst plantation rubber companies last year, when it distributed 287½ per cent.; whilst next in order of succession came Vallambrosa, 250; Linggi, 165; Bukit Rajah, 150; and Cicely, 135.

For 1908 the Selangor dividend was 75 per cent., and for 1907 41·6 per cent.

Pataling announces an interim dividend of 75 per cent, making, so far, 200 in the current year, with a final to follow. For the whole of 1909 shareholders get 125, against 45 for 1908, 35 for 1907, and 40 for 1906. The 50 per cent. interim dividend announced by Linggi is the third so far in 1910, and makes 150 up to now.

These figures speak for themselves, and there are many other companies whose plantations are just coming into bearing that will pay just as big dividends in the next few years; consequently the investor who lays out his money intelligently in the shares of promising companies now, will reap enormous rewards in the future.

### CANADIANS.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has declared a dividend of two per cent. for the quarter ending September 30th last. Although this is no increase from recent declarations it marks a new departure in paying dividends quarterly.

Grand Trunk Stocks are very low and ought to be bought, as it is ridiculous to suppose that this line is not benefiting, or will not benefit by the vast increase in Canadian trade which is at present going on.

### G. M. OILFIELDS.

The G. M. Oilfields has brought out its first big Russian Oil Company in the Ferghana Oil Fields, Limited, capital £750,000, and I trust the issue will be a success, as, if so, the long-expected upward move in the shares of the G. M. Oilfields will be delayed no longer.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**R. G.** (Bedford).—As I have frequently said, no man should speculate unless he can afford to lose the money involved. Where you look for an unusually high rate of interest on your money you must expect to find greater risks.

**G. J.** (Bolton).—Why did you not write to me sooner? I could have saved your loss a month ago, but not now.

**H. H.** (Southampton).—High dividends, it must be remembered, apply only to the original shareholders, not to those who have bought at a large premium.

**J. C. H.** (Manchester).—The firm has left the address given on the circulars sent to you, but we are doing our best to locate them. If we can get your money back for you it will be a pleasure to us; it has been a lesson to you in any case. You must be more than careful when dealing with outside brokers. Some of these firms are excellent in every way—and some are not.

**D. R.** (Glasgow).—In my opinion, the National Share Exchange is one of the best firms for the small speculator to deal with; but neither they nor anybody else are endowed with the gift of infallible prophecy, for markets sometimes change in the most unexpected way.

**C. B.** (Wigan).—Hold these shares. The price is bound to go up.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# RICHARD SELBY'S IRON HAND

By ADAM STERN.

"Just chuck work a minute and listen to me!"

The curt, strong voice rang out above the incessant thudding and tapping and clanging of hammers in the forge of Richard Selby, chain-manufacturer, of Moulden, Staffordshire, and produced a silence.

Richard stood at the head of the steps leading from the office, a hand resting on the hand-rail, his manner that of a man who has no time to waste. It was shortly before pay-time on Saturday.

He ran a comprehensive eye over his work-people—the score or so of powerful-looking men, the few women, whose work was confined to the lightest sizes of chains, and the half-dozen apprentice lads—and went on:

"I refer to the men in particular, though none of you will lose anything by hearing what I've got to say. I simply want to remind you that we start work here on Monday mornings. Monday mornings at eight o'clock, not any hour you like up till Tuesday afternoon. Some of you lately have been forgetting the fact; you've been turning up when the fancy took you.

"I've made an allowance for the reason. But Christmas is over now, and there's a pile of orders in hand which require quick delivery. Full pressure and the full five-and-a-half-days week will be the rule for several weeks to come, so if anyone's feeling tired or is hankering for short time he'd better say so now."

There was no threat conveyed; he merely made the direct statement, and then paused and looked round.

No one answered, but here and there a man eyed his neighbour as though expecting him to speak.

"Right," said Richard abruptly, and he turned and re-entered his office.

He was quite conscious of the faint undercurrent of dissatisfaction, but atttached no importance to it. He had other matters to think of.

Before long, however, Langford, his foreman, disturbed him, signifying that he had been entrusted with a message from the men.

"They don't like my tone, eh?" said Richard, on hearing what it was. "Well, this is a novelty! The first time I've known the Black Country chain-maker display any such damn silly sensitiveness. But it won't do, Langford. What they mean is, they want to extend their 'drunk' over the week-end if the money lasts, without interference from anybody. And I don't intend that they shall, so long as they work for me."

"They say as other places allow it, or, at any rate, that other employers has to put up with it."

"Exactly; so they do. I don't. That's the difference."

"You're a bit short this mornin'," returned Langford, who was a small dark man of the pugnacious, argumentative breed. "There's someat after all to be said on their side. A man has a good week, or p'r'aps puts in two or three good weeks, and havin' a spare quid or two in his pocket he feels entitled to ease up if he's a mind. They all do. I used to do it meself."

"You sympathise with them, then?" said Richard, with misleading quiet.

"No, I don't hardly say that. I understand their feelin's though, and life ain't much when it's all work and no play."

"Eight till six-thirty," said Richard. "Those are my hours in the winter. Half-an-hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner. You call that 'all work,' do you? Well, I don't. My opinion of the man who does is a poor one. Would you like to hear it?"

He had not raised his voice, but Langford

suddenly realised that his quiet was dangerous.

"Well, what yo' goin' to do if they stick out to come back on Tuesdays if they want to?"

"Sack 'em. I wonder that you ask."

"I doubt if yo'd be wise. Trade's uncommon brisk just now, and the best hands are scarce. Yo' know yourself we don't take on none but the best, and ——"

"Tell the men," interrupted Richard distinctly, "that anybody failing to turn up at eight o'clock on Monday morning, except for a good cause, will be instantly dismissed. I thought I had made that perfectly plain already."

He resumed work.

Langford, after a moment's uncertainty, went out, only to return about ten minutes later wearing a justified expression.

"There's going to be trouble about this," he prophesied, not altogether without satisfaction. "It's the new hands doin' the grumblin'; them yo' last took on. Sam Fagan's the ring-leader, and he says he'll please hisself what he does, in spite of yo' or anybody else."

Richard looked up and nodded.

"You made it quite plain what the result would be?"

"Yes, I told him. And he said——"

"I'm not interested in what he said. I shall begin to be interested when he does something."

"Well, if yo' take my advice yo'll get rid of him to-day—afore he can do much mischief. P'r'aps it 'd act as a sort of warnin' to the rest."

"Punish a man for an offence that he *might* commit?" said Richard. "That's your idea of justice, is it?"

"Well——"

"Thanks. I think you've given me quite enough advice for one day. We'll drop the subject, Langford."

* * * * * * *

On the following Monday morning there were only fifteen men at work instead of the customary twenty-three, when, at a few minutes after eight, Richard arrived at the works.

He made no comment and revealed no annoyance. After opening the letters and giving out the work for the day he went into the town.

By nine o'clock the places of the absentees were filled, and everything was going on as usual, not a single forge being idle.

Returning from lunch at two o'clock, he found that knowledge of what he had done had spread about, and that the eight delinquents of the morning had turned up and were engaged in angry altercation with those employed to replace them.

Sam Fagan's voice reached his ears as he passed through the office. He was standing in the centre of a knot of men, haranguing them, his teeth showing, saliva accompanying his words.

He had removed his coat and donned his apron when he came in, as though nothing had happened.

He was a ginger-headed man, fiery-tempered and strong, without a doubt an ugly character to thwart, especially when, as now, inflamed by drink and a sense of wrong.

He was saying: "I'll tek blasted good care 'e don't fire *me* out," when the sight of Richard descending the steps gave him pause.

He twitched a little as Richard unceremoniously pushed a way through his audience, and, halting at arm's length, looked him squarely in the eyes.

"You won't submit to being fired, eh?" said Richard. "I'm very much afraid you *will*, Sam, unless you've got a good excuse for this morning."

"I ain't got no excuse," replied Sam, in a loud, blustering voice.

"Then get out. And get out at once."

"*All* of us?"

"All of you who failed to turn up. I distinctly announced on Saturday what the consequence would be. You've done this thing with your eyes open—some of you deliberately—to see whether I'm as good as my word."

His eyes roved from one face to the other.

"*All* on us?" Sam repeated.

It was palpable that he contemplated revolt, and relied on his fellow-delinquents to stand by him. He felt safe in assuming that Richard could not eject eight men from the premises by main force.

But he did not know the man before him. Never in his life had Richard avoided a difficulty or sought to postpone a crisis. He was devastatingly prompt in emergency.

He turned now, ignoring the question, and commanded the newly-engaged men to commence work.

It was a step which immediately forced matters to a head.

Fagan glanced rapidly at his supporters. His visage surged red.

"If us can't work," he shouted, "we'll see as they don't either."

Stooping, he picked up a heavy hammer.

Before another man could move, before Fagan himself was erect, Richard's right hand shot out and took him by the throat. He did not use his other hand or attempt to get to close quarters and gain possession of the hammer.

The horrible thing for the onlookers was that he simply held Fagan at the end of a stiffened arm and choked him till he was black in the face.

Fagan's attempts to strike him gradually ceased. His knees rocked.

With sudden alarm Langford, the foreman, cried out and clutched Richard's coat.

"All right," said Richard. "I know what I'm about."

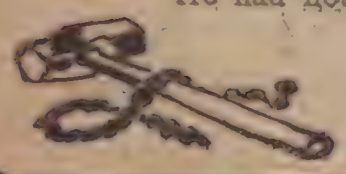
He released him after a moment, and the helpless man reeled against an anvil and stood holding on to it, gasping.

"You asked for what you got," said Richard grimly.

He turned to the rest.

"Anyone else want convincing?" he inquired. "Nobody? Well, then, outside!"

He stood unrelenting and impassive as the seven trooped past him, some of them with glowering looks, some of them opening and



shutting their hands, and Fagan followed them a minute later.

Before the week was over there were indications that the subsequent week was likely to witness a repetition of the difficulty.

Fagan had been meeting the men coming out of the works, and urging them with his rude oratorical eloquence to insist on the free and undisturbed enjoyment of their rights.

On the Friday night Langford entered Richard's office to inform him that the men were talking of absenting themselves in a body on the Monday. Such few as professed unwillingness to fall in with the suggestion were being coerced by threats.

"Wot they're dependin' on," stated Langford, "is that yo' won't be able to replace 'em. There's scarcely any hands to be got, with most firms workin' overtime. And I've heard a whisper that Orton is prepared to tek on any as gets the kick from here. Looks as though he's got wind that yo're in a bit of a difficulty, and thinks to reap benefit from it, at the same time scoring one off you."

Frank Orton was a competitor of Richard's, and the supposition was not out of keeping with his character.

"Ah, very likely," agreed Richard, who sounded indifferent. "But that's his affair, not mine. I don't budge from the position I've taken up, and if they all stay away then they'll all get the sack. I can't help it if they're such blamed fools."

"Well, how are *we* going on?"

"We shall go on," said Richard. "You can leave it at that."

On the Monday morning four men only put in an appearance.

They were young men and loyal, and explained their dishevelled exterior by relating how there had been an attempt to detain them, first by argument and then by physical suasion.

"Lot o' swines!" was their comment.

"They're no loss," said Richard, cheerfully. He was always cheerful under stress of opposition. "We'll find better men, and have the laugh of them before we've finished."

Langford, however, was lugubrious.

"I told yo' how it'd be," he said.

"You did," rejoined Richard, "and you've been doing a deal too much telling lately for my liking. Quit it for a bit, and sling your coat off. You can make chain as well as anybody, and I shall be glad to see you doing it."

He strode out of the works, buoyant, resourceful, and determined.

There was not a chain-maker in Moulden with whom he was not acquainted, and by noon, by dint of patient searching, he had again remedied his deficiency in workmen.

But he found—which, indeed, he knew—that the supply of reliable first-class hands was scarce, and it did not seem that he would be able to hunt up many more if the present lot followed the example of their predecessors.

He heard during the afternoon that Frank Orton had taken on all the men he had discharged, and, curiously enough, the news caused his eyes to brighten.

He looked happier still when the next morning Langford communicated worse news. The whole of the newly-engaged men had been offered employment at higher wages by William Bradlaw, the biggest manufacturer in the town, and had gone over to him. Only the four faithful young men remained.

"You'll have to give in," said Langford, which made Richard laugh.

"Give in!" he said. "Don't you know Bradlaw can't conveniently do with those men, let alone Orton, whose works are smaller? They're trying to hip me, that's the long and the short of it. They know Graill's away."

His friend and helper Graill was at a convalescent home in Brighton, recuperating after a severe illness.

"They know I'm busy. They naturally conclude I'm in a fix."

"Well, aren't yo'?" snapped Langford, impatient of his lack of dismay.

"Not a bit of it," said Richard. "I've got as many men as we can do with, only waiting for the word to come; and if you'll just tell that sharp lad Barnet to step in here I'll send him off for them."

"Who are they?" asked Langford, sourly and suspiciously.

And what Richard told him he also told Frank Orton and William Bradlaw when he chanced to meet them that night in the saloon bar of "The Hare and Hounds."

"It was like this, William," he said, "I couldn't let you and Frank snap up *all* the best men in Moulden. There were a few left, whom probably you'd forgotten, and in fact I only remembered 'em myself when necessity sharpened my wits. The *old* men, William. The veterans. Those who were making chain before any of us, and can hold their own even to-day with the best.

"They've been overlooked. They've fallen behind. All they have a chance of doing nowadays is a bit of out-working in their little forge rigged up at home. I offered them something better—and they jumped at it."

Shrewd William Bradlaw shook his head.

"Funny things you say sometimes, Richard," he remarked, indulgently. "I grant they can turn out the stuff, but they're slow, and as for sticking it—why, three days heavy work in succession would kill 'em."

"I've had to put on a night-shift to remedy their slowness," said Richard frankly, "and I arranged for them to work a day and then take a day off; others to replace them on the off-days. An alternate shift, William, or, more correctly, a quadruple shift."

Frank Orton interrupted, with something like a snarl:

"Yo' needn't play that innocent game, Richard. You'd tell us none o' this if it didn't serve yo'r porpose to tell us. How many o' these old-timers ha' yo' taken on all told?"

"Exactly eighty, Frank, but don't say you intend to rob me of them also. I warn you there are nigh on a hundred and fifty at my disposal."

"Eighty!" snarled Orton, writhing at the sarcasm: "This trick will turn out a bit expensive for you, won't it?"

"Bless you, no," said Richard good-temperedly. "I'm only paying 'em when they're at work, and, if anything, I'm saving money."

"As you're so confiding," said William Bradlaw in a gruff voice, but with humour in his eye; "I don't mind ownin' that I only took on your chaps for a week, just to get out a special job."

It was a capitulation.

They exchanged smiles of understanding.

"I shall keep on mine," declared Orton vindictively.

"You won't, Frank," said Richard kindly. "You think you will, but you won't. As a matter of fact, I don't care either way. I can always manage."

"You can, that," said Bradlaw.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

## SAILORS ON THE SKATING RINK.

One novel reason which might perhaps incline ardent learners of roller-skating to go to sea is that, according to a prominent professional, the sailor is splendidly adapted, by the conditions of his life at sea, for the sport of rinking.

The way in which he learns to sway with the ship gives him an excellent balance, even when the rollers are fitted on him for the first time.

## THE SUNDAY ROOK.

### THINGS THAT TRY THE SPORTSMAN'S PATIENCE.

Of all sayings that the sportsman hears—and they are many and varied on occasions!—that which brings home to him the chances of sportsmanship is surely the old country saying: "As bold as a rook on Sunday."

There is a world of observation compressed into the small space of these seven words. They contain, in fact, something like a whole philosophy of sport, and no man who has set out with gun, or rod, or merely with a stick, a dog, and his own strength and agility, to hunt, and perchance catch or kill, the wild, has always escaped the tantalising experience of which the proverb or saw is the essence.

The Sunday rook himself seems to be possessed of almost fiendish powers of observation and knowledge. He knows a good deal more about Sunday, and our way of spending the day, than any of us give him credit for.

For six days of the week he will warily keep out of gunshot, darting down into the yard or in front of the house right on to the lawn, when he is perfectly sure we are all enjoying a hearty dinner and are disinclined to get up and go for him.

On the least sign of activity on our part, however, he will be off and away, and will give the danger zone a very wide berth for the rest of the day.

From afar off he can watch us as we move about the land, and I'll be bound he can tell the difference between a gun and a stick.

Try him next time you see him flying overhead. Point your walking stick at him as you would point a gun, and he will pay but little heed to its mock menace.

But if you happen to have the real thing in your hands as he comes leisurely across the sky, he will change his course suddenly and make off hurriedly in another direction.

On Sunday, however, nothing in the world will frighten him. You may call and point your stick, and do all manner of silly things to scare him. But he will take no notice.

Something in the air tells him that Sunday is off-day for the sportsman; that all decent and self-respecting sportsmen and law-abiding gunners have laid aside their guns over Sunday, and will not attempt reprisals.

And so the rook gets a reputation for craftiness on six days of the week and for boldness on the seventh.

The same sort of annoying experience befalls every sportsman on every day of the week.

He has perhaps been crouching among willows and reeds, waiting for a shot at flighting ducks.

It is his rule never to take cartridges from his gun once he has loaded. And so he gets impatient of the ducks, and blazes away at a water-hen, or at anything that comes along.

Having scared everything about him by these shots, he is just about to emerge from his hiding place when, hark! He hears the loud, long-drawn "quack-quack" of the old drake, and overhead comes a splendid flight, well within shot!

Or, coming home along the riverside, he sees the fish rising actively and hungrily. He hastens home, gets out his tackle, and hastens back to the river. Time after time he casts, but there is no response.

Something has happened to the clouds, the water, or to the fish themselves, that they no longer rise.

"Just too soon," or "just too late," is the frequent bitter complaint of the disappointed sportsman. He may well be forgiven if in these moments he believes that the wild creatures are gifted with strange powers of divination so that they may order their movements to their own safety and to the sportsman's undoing.

M. R. REED.

# THE OUTER MAN

## A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### SLEEVE HINTS.

Sleeves present more difficulties to the average tailor than all other parts of a coat combined. It often happens that a suit perfectly fitting in every other detail is faulty in the sleeves.

Often the fault is due to the customer insisting on an exaggerated amount of freedom at the shoulder, which results in too much material being put in beneath the armpits and in the set of the sleeve being completely spoilt.

When trying on a suit it is as well to remember that an armpit which may feel a little too tight at the time will soon become more easy when the coat has been worn once or twice.

Also when ordering a new jacket, unless your tailor is an artist who would be incapable of such a thing, be careful to stipulate that the buttons at the cuff shall be supplied with genuine buttonholes.

The sham ones are at best a poor imitation, and it is often handy to be able to unbutton the jacket cuffs and turn them back from the wrists.

### YELLOW.

"I can't think why that woman will wear yellow; it doesn't suit her complexion — although it matches it!" I heard a lady remark the other day.

It is much the same with men's dress, and my advice to readers is to avoid yellow in any shape or form, save, perhaps, for the single exception that canary waistcoats are sometimes appropriate to the racecourse.

Except as a component of other shades, yellow seems to me a colour we could very well do without. Except on a bird's feathers it is a most unpleasant colour. Few women can look well in it (I do not refer to the old-gold tint), and men appear hopeless when arrayed in anything of the canary hue. The very name yellow has an unpleasing sound about it.

Yellow or Chinese variegated ties are abominations, and when in the Strand a few days ago I came across a man sporting a vivid yellow shirt I almost wept for him, and instinctively looked round for his keeper.

I have still to meet the man who will dare to wear yellow socks, but yellow stripes on socks of other colours are by no means rare—at least in shop windows, and presumably someone wears them.

### A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

The appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it, and saves 500 per cent. on the outlay.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. Send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day to the Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

### IN MUDDY WEATHER.

It is astonishing how of late years the prejudice against goloshes has died out. Perhaps it is due to the enterprising American who calls them "storm-shoes" and removes the objection to their former impossible name.

One no longer brands oneself as a "mollycoddle" by appearing in these rubber overshoes, and for the town man they are often invaluable.

In the sort of weather with which we have been favoured throughout December it is almost as muddy in town as in the country, and the man who has any walking to do before he reaches his place of business does not want to sit with wet or muddy boots on his feet for the rest of the day.

It is a great blessing, therefore, to be able to kick off one's goloshes and to appear in spotless and dry boots.

The new kind of "storm-shoe" is by no means offensive in appearance. It has a more or less well-shaped toe, and if worn over black boots gives the impression simply of patent leather at a casual glance.

If spats are worn over them, not only are the feet thoroughly protected from cold and damp, but the goloshes cannot be detected, and are kept from coming off, as they are otherwise rather liable to do in sticky mud, by the strap underneath.

### THE BACK OF AN OVERCOAT.

A correspondent writes to ask my opinion on the matter of seams down and across the back of an overcoat. Also, he touches upon the question of the belt.

I will not attempt to contradict his statement when he avers that these lines tend to break up the back of the coat and to relieve the monotony usually occasioned by the large expanse of plain cloth.

The belt or strap is a matter to be left entirely to personal wishes. Some men admire the style while others declare it to be meaningless. But, at present, fashion allows them a free hand in the matter.

With regard to the query concerning the advisability of having seams on the back of the overcoat, I think this is a matter which depends very largely upon a man's build.

A broad man will improve his rear aspect by breaking up the coat at the back, while a narrow man can ill afford to have his apparent broadness diminished in this way.

### HORSY BUTTONS.

Unless the whole scheme of a man's attire can safely be termed horsy, he should not go in for buttons of weird hue and shape.

Some men will, on the quietest of coats, blossom forth with a species of button resembling anything from a slab of chocolate to a miniature football. If they had the opportunity, one might safely imagine them sailing forth in all the glory of pearlies.

But until the man with the well-polished gaiters, and check breeches and horse-shoe tiepin improves his appearance by the adoption of buttons not of a recognised colour and pattern, the common or garden individual should rest content with deviating, in the matter of buttons, only slightly from the colour of his coat or remaining true to grey or brown.

If you go in for leather buttons, and on a rough tweed coat these look very well, see that they *are* of leather, and not of metal enamelled brown to imitate it.

### TWO UMBRELLAS.

As it seems probable that a good deal of hard wind will be interspersed with the rain we are to have throughout the winter a good many umbrellas will suffer the fate, so often depicted by humorous and other artists, of being turned inside out.

When a comparatively new and expensive umbrella behaves in this way the consequences are serious; with an old gamp one is inclined to enjoy the battle against both wind and rain. On the other hand, the old gamp cannot be taken to important places.

A useful tip is to own two or more umbrellas. One stylish one, well-rolled and with a well-polished handle and another for battling with the fury of the winds.

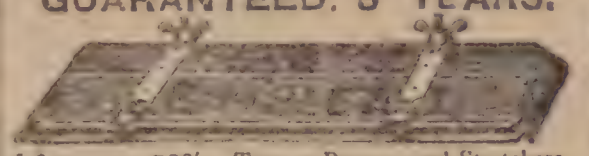
On a day that promises to end in a storm, it is advisable to carry the business gamp, but on any other occasion — the treacherous climate forcing us to carry protection at all times—the smart umbrella should be taken.

### BATSWING AND BUTTERFLY TIES.

"Beware of the batswing tie," I have sometimes been warned, but if the necessary precautions are not neglected when they are being bought, these ties are in many ways an improvement on the old fashioned bow tie.

The "batswing" or "butterfly" tie is a tie which has the ends widened so as to make a neat bow when properly adjusted. Therefore, it stands

GUARANTEED. 5 YEARS.



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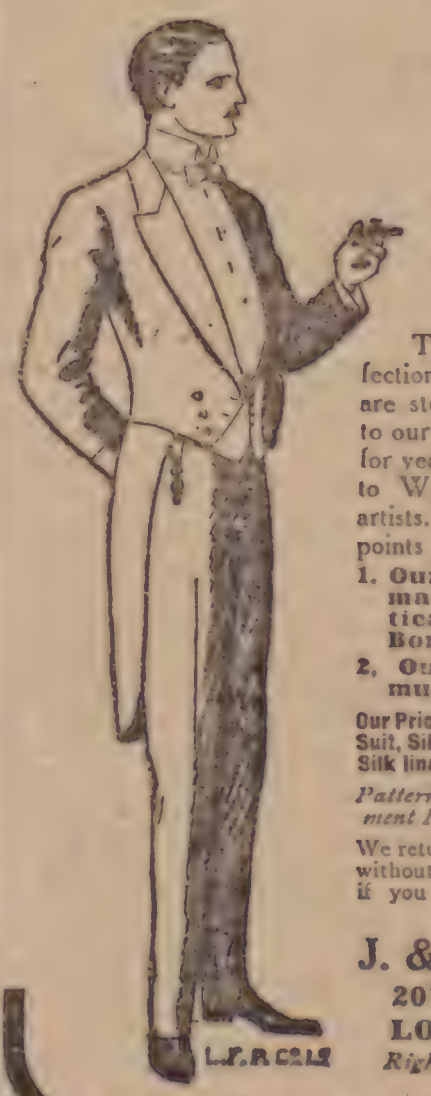
*CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.*

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the King?



There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. **Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.**
2. **Our prices are much lower.**

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - 84/-

*Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.*

We return your money in full, without question or argument, if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.
*Right opposite the Law Courts*

to reason that the length of the tie must vary according to the size of collar that you wear.

If you want to attain good results with this kind of tie, and to avoid the possible waste of the cost of it, make a point of trying on the tie before you leave the shop, or at least make the shopkeeper promise to change the tie if it is not suitable.

Batswing and butterfly ties are not always what they seem, nor are the sleek young men who glibly tell you that this is the exact size you require. The tie may be marked with a certain size, but that by no means implies that when it is tied over a collar of the same size the shaped ends of the bow will come in the right place.

With the ordinary bow tie you can adjust the width of the bow to the length of the tie, but with these special ties the width of the bow is dictated by the size of the shaped ends.

If you take the trouble to try them on, however, and to assure yourself that you have got the right size, these ties greatly facilitate the tying of a neat bow, and are most suitable for evening-dress wear—both in black and white.

### "CHEAPNESS" IN SOCKS.

If ever economy was more fatal in one respect than in another then it is in the matter of socks.

For some months now the London market has been flooded with socks, the tasteful designs of which might lead one to suppose that the articles are of genuine quality. If they were exhibited in hideous or gaudy colours one would be well warned. In some cases they are, but for the most part they are of quiet (and consequently slightly cheaper) patterns.

In price, the socks vary from eightpence to a shilling, and the life of an average pair is of five days duration.

Lucky is the man who can discover a cheap sock to tide him over the week; at the end of that lengthy period the soles are invariably riddled with holes.

To attempt to mend them is hopeless, unless the person darning is prepared to build a new sock, as the material is too weak to be binding.

### BOOTLACES.

It is strange, but undeniable, that one seldom hits upon a bootlace exactly suited to one's requirements.

Bootlaces are never made in a convenient length. Always they are too long to allow of their being tied in a bow, and usually they are far too short to enable the top of the boot to be encircled by them.

Seeing what important articles bootlaces are, this inefficiency on the part of the manufacturers is difficult to understand, unless, of course, we consider the fact that boots vary a good deal in height, while the distance between the button-holes is by no means regular.

If it were possible, I believe more satisfactory results would be obtained if bootmakers would include half a dozen pairs of laces of the correct size in the price of every pair of boots sold.

### DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKETS.

Although still worn by an eminent Cabinet Minister, I scarcely think that double-breasted jackets can justly lay claim to anything like the position in the world of men's fashions that they once held.

They seem to have grown almost unpopular; in fact, one is inclined to look for some peculiarity in the face of the wearer of one, so seldom are they seen about.

The jacket had but few redeeming features. Its curt shortness suited few of the men who adopted the style when it was popular.

Those who still cling to this type of jacket almost invariably choose dark blue, this being, in my opinion, the only colour in which the double-breasted jacket ever looked passable.

### SUITINGS.

When examining patterns for a lounge suit it is always as well to select one with a moderately distinct line. The colour may be as quiet as you wish, but the material should not be altogether lacking in design.

A suit, whether it is in green, brown, grey, or any other colour, is seldom a success if it is entirely devoid of the character which the grain—if it may be so termed—of the cloth is able to impart.

In greys one usually has a large range of tasteful designs to choose from, but when selecting brown—one of the prevailing colours next spring—the choice is usually more difficult.

One often sees brown suitings without a trace of design or variation, and the effect is, as a rule, by no means so pleasing as the cut of the suit merits.

The cloth may be entirely of one shade, but, nevertheless, something in the nature of a design should be prevalent all over the suit.

To the trousers, even more than to coat and vest, this vestige of design is necessary, and fairly bold vertical stripes are especially desirable for those who wish to add to their apparent height.

### TIE-PIN FASTENERS.

A correspondent in Dublin complains that his tie-pin has an unpleasant habit of working half-way out of his tie and damaging his chin if he happens to look down; while two predecessors of the aforesaid tie-pin have worked themselves loose so successfully that they have actually been lost.

Of course, it is possible that they received some assistance from some light-fingered passer-by or neighbour in a crowd, but all these little accidents might be prevented by the use of a little device which is sold, I believe, by most jewellers for sixpence or so.

It consists of a tiny cylinder with a hole through which the point of the pin is pushed after it has been inserted in the tie, and a knob at the end. This, when pulled, releases the springs inside the cylinder that grip the pin and prevent it being pulled out of the tie.

The protector itself is, of course, hidden behind the tie.

A piece of cork is a simpler and less expensive protector for the point, but it cannot grip the pin so tightly.

# THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gold-plated tie-pin | 6d. | Solid silver tie-pin | 1s. |
| Gold-plated safety-pin | 6d. | Solid silver safety-pin | 1s. |
| Gold-plated lapel or cap badge | 6d. | Solid silver lapel or cap badge | 1s. |
| Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain | 6d. | Solid silver pendant for watch-chain | 1s. |

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

## APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

*Signature*.....

*Address*.....

.....

The League Badge Actual size.

OVERCOAT

30/- READY TO WEAR.

3/- WITH ORDER

The most up-to-date and latest in overcoat fashion is Masters' "Burlington" Overcoat—it is a speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing, it is made of beautifully warm and blanket cloth in all the fancy rich-looking shadow stripes, green, blue, grey, &c., by expert Tailors—heavy and warm for the Winter. Masters' system of immediate supply is for your convenience. Simply send 3/-, give your height, chest measurement over vest, and colour desired, and we send you 30/- self-fitting ready-to-wear Overcoat post paid. Pay 3/- on delivery and 4/- monthly. We also supply the "Burlington" Coat in same shades, double-breasted, back strap and strapped sleeves for 35/-, or 4/- deposit, 4/- on delivery, 4/6 monthly. Send 3/- (or 4/- for the D.B.), and ask for the "Burlington" ready-to-wear Overcoat.

CASH PRICE, 27/- & 31/6.

Foreign Orders Solicited.

Patterns free on application. Suits to measure, 34/6, etc., 5/- monthly.

MASTERS, Ltd.,
85, HOPE STORES, RYE.

## BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**M. H. A.** (Lowestoft).—To be a member of the Savage Club you have to be distinguished in Literature, Science, or Art.

**E. C.** (Torquay).—Sir R. Pole-Carew, M.P. for Bodmin, commanded the 2nd. Batt. Coldstream Guards from 1895 to 1899.

**J. C.** (Carnarvon).—You can get a list of Church Lessons from any almanack, or—if you haven't got one—apply to the nearest Y.M.C.A.

**C. V. J.** (St. Albans).—Oysters, crayfish, and scallops are now in season, and can be enjoyed with comparative safety. But it is questionable whether the few moments' enjoyment of them is worth the risk.

**M. D.** (Sutton).—If the digging of borders containing bulbs was not done early in December, you had better postpone operations until the shoots appear.

**J. McC.** (Bute).—Of the London daily papers, the "Chronicle," "Morning Leader," "News," "Westminster," and "Star" are Liberal, while the "Times," "Morning Post," the "Standards," "Mail," "Express," "Globe," "Pall Mall," "Evening News," and "Evening Times" represent Unionist opinions.

**T. T.** (Merton).—Do not put your bicycle away for the winter. There is nothing better than a spin over frozen roads. But patronise the railway when the rain comes down.

**J. C.** (Hull), **L. M.** (Norwich), **"DANDY"** (Aldgate), and **J. R.** (Liverpool).—Captain Saunders is dealing with your queries in the early future. He thanks you for your letters. He is always glad to hear readers' opinions on dress matters.

**J. M. D.** (Ealing).—Put your money in the Post Office, where, though it may not bring in much interest, it will be safe. Such a moderate sum is hardly worth investing in strange companies whose business you know nothing about.

**H. G. T.** (Whitechapel) comments upon the lamentable absence of articles dealing with the drink question in our paper. "While you expose certain frauds and evils," he remarks, "you pay no heed to the ghastly scourge of our country." He goes on to praise the editors of teetotal papers—but, poor chap, he hasn't seen them in Fleet Street!

**L. D.** (Darwen).—We can hardly understand how you came to be "done down" for twopence for a "gold" ring. However, the amount is not great and the experience is cheaply purchased.

**L. M.** (Stoke Newington).—There's nothing like work for sinking your troubles in. It's better than drink!

**M. D. T.** (Lewisham).—Thanks for your suggestion, but we think a poll of readers for the purpose of finding the most popular features of THE MODERN MAN would involve too much labour.

**L. T. G.** (Hornsey).—At your age you should give up all hope of joining the dramatic profession. Stick to your remunerative job.

**J. McT.** (Inverness).—We do not feel disposed to give you the address of any jemmy-makers or vendors of skeleton keys. Leave these things to Ferris and Bill Sikes and stick to honest labour.

**M. D.** (Wigan) suggests that men might have two partings in their hair. We invite him to set the fashion in his town and to let us know the results.

**L. J. R.** (Sunderland).—Because you are a good Soccer player it does not follow that you will be a success at the Rugby game. But you have our best wishes.

**M. D. L.** (Dartford).—You would be ill-advised if you were to throw up your present safe job in order to devote your energies to free-lance journalism.

**F. H.** (Bristol).—We do not propose to print serial stories. The one you send, "In the Nick of Time; or, Born in the Vestry," does not appeal to us.

**G. C.** (Leicester).—Carrots are supposed to make a horse's coat glossy. It is worth while trying them. Give him an apple occasionally as well.

**"AUTOMOBILIST"** (Bristol).—One of the best tooth powders you can use is common whitening. A pennyworth will last for many weeks.

**J. P.** (Batley).—Write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

**J. C.** (Ilfracombe).—Write to the secretary of the bank you want to get into.

**T. E. W.** (Liverpool).—Every backer of horses has his own favourite system, but by no system can success be assured. The reason why there is less speculation "over the sticks" than on the flat is probably because the jumping upsets all calculations as to a horse's form.

**J. M. N.** (Ellesmere Port).—Any artist's colourman will supply you with all the necessary implements for drawing, but only Providence can give you the talent to use them.

**J. W.** (Willenhall).—It's drill you want; join the Territorials.

**F. B.** (Birmingham).—Your newsagent can get the copy for you.

**G. CHURCHER**, 14, Hope Street, West Bromwich, Birmingham, wants to get in touch with local readers who are fond of walking.

**J. L.** (Upton-on-Severn).—We have sat with a (metaphorical) wet towel about our brows, but have arrived at no solution of your problem. Settle these sporting differences amicably.

**"JOCKEY"** (Pontypridd).—Write to our friend, the editor of the "Sporting Times." Tell him we told you to do so, and he will give you every assistance.

**H. M.** (Bedford Park).—We have dealt with the subject sufficiently.

**A. E. R.** (Hong Kong).—All the badges we sell as silver *are* silver. But in the case of the lapel badges, the stud fastening at the back is only white metal, though the badge itself is of solid silver. The reason why it is not hall-marked in this instance is that it is illegal to hall-mark a piece of silver if it is soldered on to a piece of white metal. It would obviously be impossible for us to supply a lapel badge with a silver stud at the back, all in solid silver, at the price of a shilling. Therefore we make the badge part of solid silver, and the stud fastening of white metal. All our other silver badges are hall-marked.

**J. W. B.** (Godalming).—Never heard of it. Ask the editor of the "Newsagent."

**A. H.** (East Ham) asks "Why the (angel) don't League members in this part of the world wear their badges?" Perhaps after this reminder they will.

**C. N.** (Dundee).—Write to the company you mention and ask them their prices. How should we know what they charge?

**O. B. S.** (Kinaldie), **W. J. H.** (Johnstone), **H. McD.** (Edinburgh), **E. J.** (Gloucester), **H. J. A. Y.** (Sherborne), **E. D.** (Brasted), **T. M. G.** (London, E.C.), **R. G.** (Stafford), **D. P. S.** (Ashford), **A. E. K.** (Wandsworth Common).—We are much indebted to you.

## WHAT TO SAY WHEN—

You borrow a fiver from a friend: "My dear old chap, I shall be eternally indebted to you. (In this way you can conscientiously refrain from paying him back.)

* * *

When your landlady gives you hash for the fourth day in succession: "Excellent, Mrs. Grabb-all, but *no more* after this until *h*Ash Wednesday!"

* * *

When the dentist sends into the waiting-room for the next patient: "Ladies first *always!*"

* * *

When Jones tells you a hoary story: "Jones, you're a goose—and, what's more, a goose stuffed with chestnuts."

* * *

When the barmaid gives you a mean three-penn'orth of whisky: "The flesh is willing, but the spirit is weak."

## MEN WORTH KNOWING.

*We print below a further instalment of the list of members in* THE MODERN MAN *League. Names received too late for the general list will be printed in a supplementary list which will include all necessary corrections. Members are earnestly requested to inform us of any change of address.*

**DORCHESTER.**
J. MEYERS, 4, Bridport Terrace.
J. B. WINZAR, 4, Bridport Terrace.

**DOUGLAS (I. of M.).**
J. S. CARGILL, 21, Bucks Road.
J. S. COWELL, 21, Bucks Road.
W. CRELLIN, "Ravenscliffe," Head Road.
C. P. GRIFFITH, 124, Bucks Road.
J. HALE, c/o I. Wilson, Chemist, Victoria Street.
W. HALSALL, The Manor, Belmont Terrace.
L. D. MAYER, "Fairhaven," 6, Empire Terrace.
J. H. SAVILLE, Queen's Promenade.
E. SHIMMIN, 25, Athol Street.
H. P. TRIGG, c/o G. J. Maley, 15, Strand Street.
E. VICK, Hillsdene.

**DOUGLAS (LANARKSHIRE).**
J. H. T. BELL.

**DOVER.**
A. J. BINFIELD, 87, Folkestone Road.
E. BODGER (Pte.), R.A.M. Corps, Detention Hospital, Dover Castle.
C. E. BURKE, 70, Clarendon Street.
G. GILL 34, Maison Dene Road.
A. KIND, c/o J. Smallwood, 18, Victoria Street.
R. A. LINDEN (Sergt.), Royal Irish Rifles, South Front Barracks.
W. LAW Weddington, Ash.
A. G. LUDLOW, 7, Westbury Road, Folkestone Road.
G. H. MARTIN, Prospect House, Radigunds Road.
L. MATSON, 64, Biggin Street.
H. OLIVER (Pte.), 37 Mess, H.M.S. Argyll.
W. SAMPSON, Brooks House.
J. SMALLWOOD, 18, Victoria Street, Buckland.
H. TOOMBS, Band 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, South Front Barracks.

**DOWLAIS.**
D. E. HOWELLS, 13, Caeharris.
D. JAMES, 8, Cross Francis Street.

**DUBLIN.**
E. BARNETT, 20, Stamer Street.
C. J. H. BRAZIER, 14, Leeson Park Avenue, Leeson Park.
C. H. CLARKE, 17, Wigan Road, Whitworth Road.
P. M. CLARKE, 47, Mary Street.
B. A. CLANCY, 52, Haroldville Terrace, Dolphin's Barn.
R. COCKERTON, 25, Arbour Hill.
T. COLLINS, Corwen View, Botanic Avenue, Drumcondra.
C. W. COLMAN, 33, Mount Pleasant Square, Rathmines.
M. DOLAN, 12, Phibsborough.
W. DORRITY, Bank of Ireland, Foster Place.
G. DUCKER, 62, Lower Gardiner Street.
E. J. DUFFY, 23, Prussia Street.
W. DUNCOMBE, N.I.C. Depôt.
R. L. EDGEWORTH, 11, Royal Canal Bank.
T. B. EDGEWORTH, 11, Victoria Terrace, Royal Canal.
H. C. EVANS, 8, Montrose Terrace, Ranelagh.
J. FITZPATRICK, 1, Hawkins Street, College Green.
J. HIGGINS, 6, Carnew Street, N. Circular Road.
L. A. KENNEDY, 48, North Great George Street.
W. N. KERR, Willington Villa, Oatly Road, Ranelagh.
P. KILLEEN, D.M.P. Barracks, Kevin Street.
J. LEVINS, 4, Margaret Place, N.C.R.
F. McGEOWN, 5, Ardmore Avenue, N. Circular Road.
R. B. McGUIRE, 25, Clare Street.
J. MARKS, 11, Charlemont Square.
H. MORRISON, 4, St. Joseph Terrace, Wellington Street.
T. P. MURRAY, 12, MacMahon Street, S. Circular Road.
W. J. O'GARA, 4, Warrington Place.
D. M. O'KELLY, 29, St. Albans Road.
J. O'NEILL, Wellington Lodge, Ballsbridge.
J. J. O'SULLIVAN, 13, Arranmore Avenue, N. Circular Road.
J. O'TOOLE, 12, Phibsborough.
A. PEARSON, 35, Millmount Avenue, Drumcondra.
J. THOMPSON, 62, Lowe Gardiner Street.
J. J. TOMB, Marlborough Hall.
T. WATSON, c/o Messrs. Leverett & Frye, Ltd., Dundrum.

**DUDLEY.**
J. BEVANS, "Ferndale," Selborne Road.
H. JONES, 96, Salop Street.
W. J. LEWIS, Laburnum Cottage, Bourne Street.
H. C. PERKS, 2, Clifford Street.
V. V. POWELL, Ivanhoe Place, Parson Street.
N. C. WINNALL, "Fair View," Highland Road.

**DUMBARTON.**
J. BOWERS, "Merry Ville," Wallace Street.
J. MARSHALL, 14, Burnside.

**DUMFRIES.**
W. BLACKIE, 17, Devorgilla Terrace, Maxwelltown.
W. DINWIDDIE, 76, Queen Street.
D. THOMPSON, Thistle Lodge, Greenbrae.

**DUNDEE.**
W. ARMSTRONG, 38, Caldrum Street.
F. H. ATKINSON, 24, Gorland Place.
W. E. BOWMAN, 12, Balmore Street.
D. CAIRD, 12, Craigie Street.
R. CANDY, 74, South Road, Loche.
W. B. CHISHOLM, 22, Rosefield Street.
J. CONNING, 56, William Street, Forsbank.
W. DOW, 2, Tulloch Crescent.
E. A. FINNIGAN, c/o Thomas Bett and Co., Royal Exchange Court.
A. FORSYTH, 18, Lawson Place.
H. L. GAULD, 49, Victoria Road.
J. GLENDAY, 38, Kemback Street.

*(To be continued.)*

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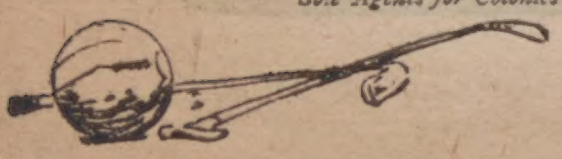

# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Knicker-Breeches, button 4, correct West-End cut, 50 shades tweed. Advertising price, 6s. 11d.; correct price, 12s. 6d. State shade and waist measurement.—Smart Attire Co., Bespoke Tailors, Hippodrome Buildings, Manchester.

Gent.'s dark grey frock coat, chest 36in.; London made; cost 3 guineas; only worn few times; 20s.—Box 4020, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s., or near offer.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Gent.'s mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Suit, practically new, dark brown, fit gent. 5ft. 2½in., 34in. chest, latest cut, 35s.; cost 70s.—Box 4021, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's cycle, 28in. frame, in perfect order; bargain, 50s.—Box 4026, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, bargain, billiard table, slate bed, 6ft. portable, section cover as dining-table, four cues, rest, three ivory balls, marking-board, &c., good order, complete; £5; or offer.—Box 4030, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, double barrel gun, cheap for cash.—Box 4028, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 4029, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

International Library of Famous Literature, 20 volumes, 50s.—13, Headcorn Road, Thornton Heath.

What offers all numbers "Modern Man"?—Write Box 3944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

Stammering Effectually Cured by Correspondence or Personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

## SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

## FINANCIAL, &c.

£350 British Homes certificate, amount paid £31 10s.; accept £15.—Box 4031, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4032, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two hundred Bukit Pelangor 2s. rubber shares, excellent company, highly recommended, will pay 30 per cent. dividend; take £20 lot.—Box 4016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, loan of £150; repay 30s. per week; reasonable interest given.—Box 4015, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Advertiser will accept for quick sale 1s. per share for 500 (or part) fully paid 5s. shares, producing rubber company.—Box 4017, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

## MEDICAL, &c.

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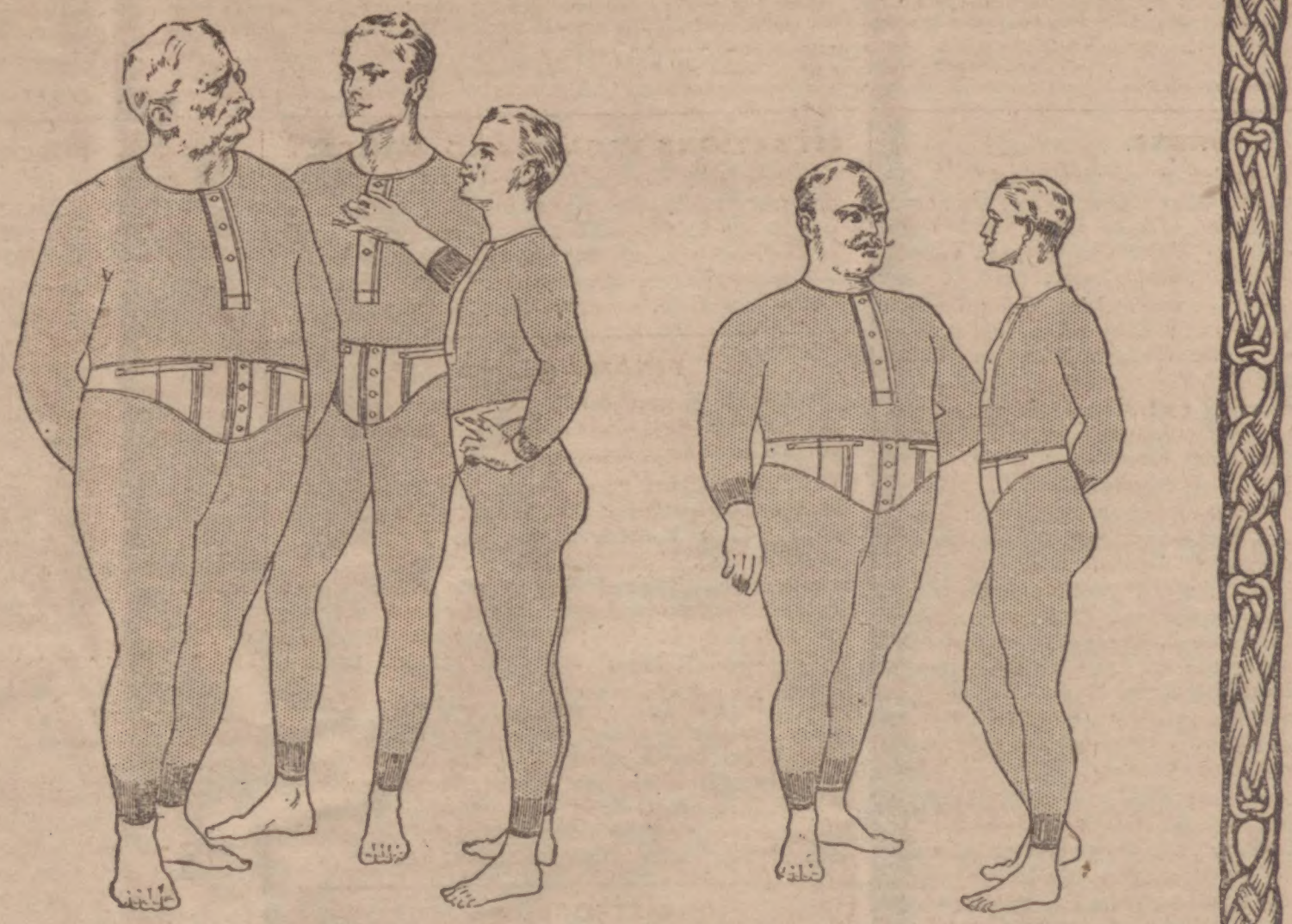

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